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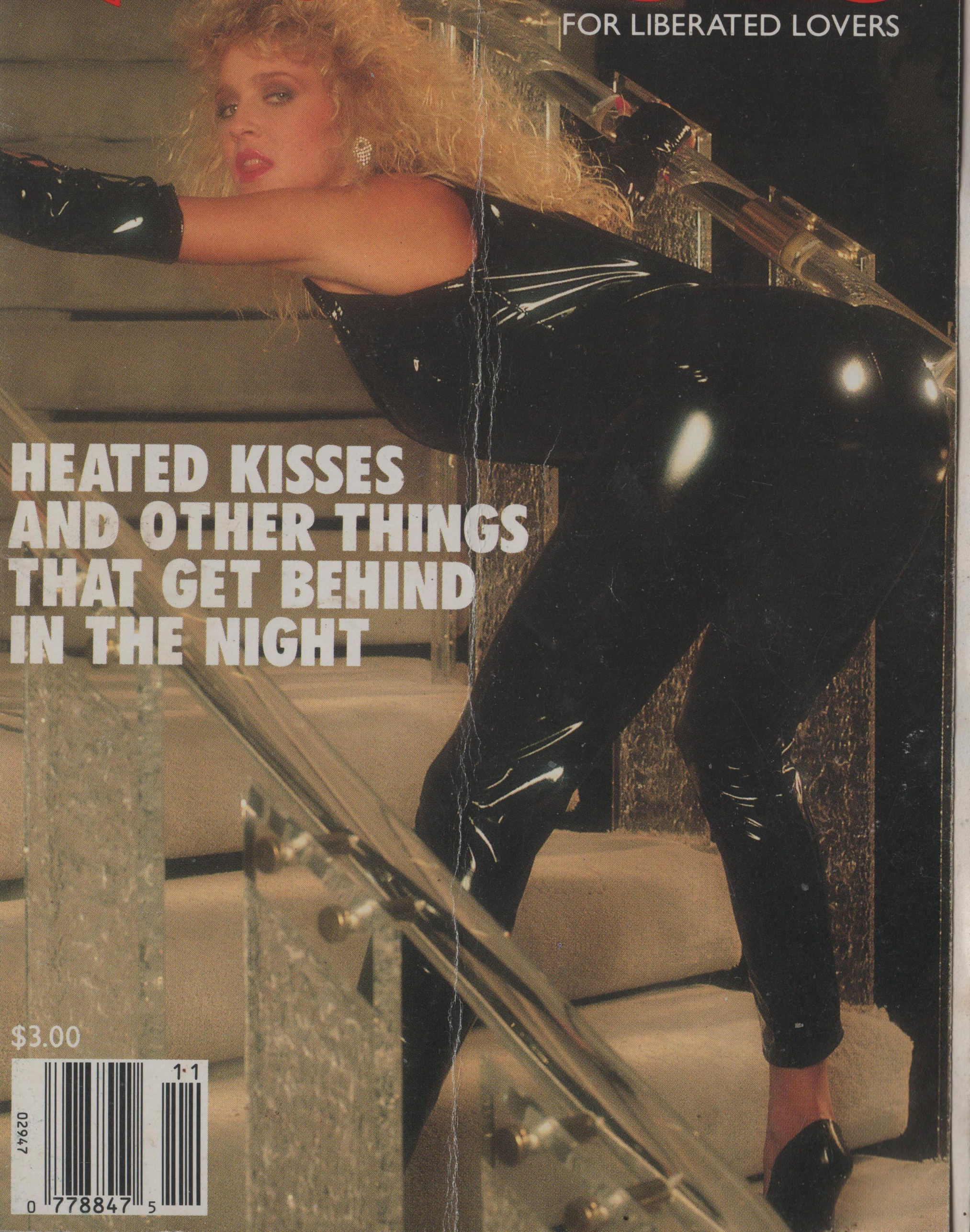

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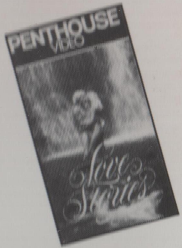

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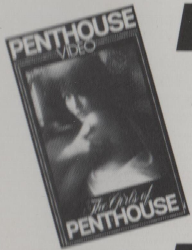

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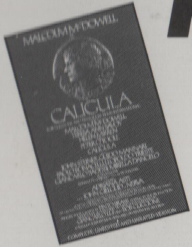

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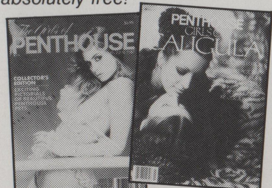

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PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS

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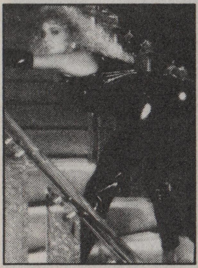

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Sex Talk On the Line

A professional telephone sex performer connects with a young married couple eager to tap the unique pleasure of their anally focused fantasies

BY FRANCIS LAMASCOLO

I LOVE MY JOB. I work for a telephone sex service that started out offering its services to women but eventually accepted male customers, straight, gay, and bisexual. As anyone in the sex business can tell you, we have regular customers. Several of mine are men.

Talking with them reminds me of my younger years, when I was very experimental. I guess my experience must show in the conversations, since my male callers say I'm one of the few that really seems to know what he's talking about.

Two of my favorite customers are a married couple in their late twenties, with two kids. He swears he's never been to bed with another guy, but the thought of it really gets his juices flowing. The first couple of times he called, he came fast and furious. So did I. The thought that I was with a beginner, a virgin, really got me hot.

His wife knew about his fantasy and about his calling me. She figured it was good clean fun and let him call. Eventually she got in on some of the conversations too. Now they're both regulars of mine. They even went out and got a speaker phone for their bedroom.

One night I got a call from Sue. She told me Matt was having a birthday in two weeks and she wanted to give him something different, special. We decided that a sexual gift was definitely what she was looking for, and I wanted to get in on it. I knew he was anally oriented, although inhibited. The most he'd ever had in his little pink hole was a finger or two from his loving wife.

I suggested we help Matt live out his fantasy. Sue said the idea of her fucking her husband's ass had her quivering with excitement. After she gave me her address, I told Sue to expect a surprise in the mail. A gift from me.

I hit my favorite adult store that afternoon and bought a dildo. It was handmade, complete with little blue veins under the most realistic-feeling skin. The vein that runs underneath was thick and long. It felt so real, so natural, and best of all, it reminded me a good deal of my own cock. I bought the large size. It was eight inches long and more than two inches around, guaranteed to pop Matt's anal cherry.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY I sat by the phone for an hour, waiting to call precisely at nine o'clock. When the hour finally arrived, Matt answered, thrilled that I had called to wish him a happy birthday. I asked him if he had gotten his gift, then listened as Sue gave it to him. She had wrapped it for me, and I could hear him tearing the paper apart with a vengeance.

"God," Matt said. "What the hell am I going to do with this?"

"We'll think of something," I answered. "Don't you love it?"

"He sure does," volunteered Sue. "He's already getting hard in his pants."

"We'll have to do something about that," I said, hearing a zipper slide down and the ruffling sound of his pants as they were pulled off.

"Oh, Matthew, you've got a gift for me, too," I said. "And look how big it is. And it's still growing." I knew Sue was taking her cues from me, as usual. Right now her hand would be wrapped around his growing cock, pulling softly, easing it up. I heard the watery sounds of wet kisses.

"Oh Matt," I cooed, "it's getting bigger. It feels so good, so hard." I was getting hard myself; my hands were on my cock and cupping my balls. I slowly squeezed and massaged my rod to its full length, enjoying the sensations. My eyes closed and in my mind I was with Matt and Sue.

"Matt, I'm so hard. Can you feel it?" I asked, my breathing getting heavy.

"Oooh, yeah," he said, his voice trembling.

"I want to suck you," I whispered. "I want to feel your hard cock in my mouth." There were groans from the other end. I couldn't tell if they came from Matt or Sue—probably both. I knew Matt's hard prick was in Sue's mouth, tickling her throat. I could hear her slurping on it, her mouth sliding up and down.

"Oh, that's so good," Matt said. "Suck me baby, suck me." I continued talking, keeping my voice low and sultry, telling Matt how good he tasted, how hard he was, how big he was. Once in a while I would ask him how I felt, just to make sure he was still playing with my surrogate cock. His voice was deep and breathy when he answered. Finally I suggested he taste me.

"Just lick it," I said. "Lick the tip, run your tongue around my knob." I kept asking him how I tasted. When he answered, the words were throaty, sometimes mumbled. The whole time I could hear Sue slurping on his stiff rod. While he was licking my replica cock, I wet my finger with my own saliva and kept running it along my shaft. I flicked my piss slit, spreading the clear liquid there over my velvety knob, watching my rigid cock bob against my finger.

"Oh, Matt, Matt, suck me," I pleaded. "Suck me!" There was a muffled sound as the dildo entered his mouth. He was moaning, breathing heavily. I heard him gag trying to take too much too soon.

"That's it," I said. "Swallow that hard cock. Oh, baby, oh, you're so good." Sue's juicy sucking grew more passionate, and I knew if I didn't get her off his cock, he was going to come. I suggested Matt lie back so I could lick his ass while

he sucked me. The bed creaked; he was on his back. I told Matt how good he looked with his legs spread in the air. How his heavy balls hung low, hovering above his glorious little asshole.

Then I started licking, running my tongue over his puckered hole. I told him he smelled so warm and moist. His breathing was coming in gasps, muffled by the fake dick, my dick, in his mouth.

I was getting close to shooting, but I didn't want him to stop working on the dildo. I moved my hand to other parts of my body. I squeezed my nipples, pulling hard, lightly ran my fingertips across the insides of my thighs, tickled the hair on my belly. Anything to keep myself on the edge, to keep myself ready to shoot.

"I'm going to start working your asshole with my finger," I said. The bed squeaked again. Matt must have jerked away from the initial probe of Sue's finger. A long, low moan came from his throat; the finger was in. I told him how warm he was, how soft. I explained to him how it felt as "my" finger slid past his tight muscle. Eventually I added a second, then a third. I listened to Sue's hungry mouth and knew it was on his ass and his balls, licking and sucking, lubricating him, preparing him for more.

Sue let out a soft moan and I envisioned her free hand fingering her pussy as she worked on her husband. I knew she was close to coming. I quickened the pumping of my finger in Matt's ass, letting Sue keep the pace with her other hand in her pussy. I listened closely; her moaning grew louder. I could faintly hear the succulent slurping of her pussy lips as they grasped at her fingers.

MY OWN BREATHING was quick and short, my voice cracking as I spoke. My cock was bobbing between my legs, the clear pre-come stretching from the tip. If I touched my cock now, I would shoot for sure.

When Sue started grunting with her own orgasm, I thought I was going to

come without a stroke of my rod. I felt it pulsate and tensed myself, trying to hold back. Sue was panting as if she was in labor, trying to catch her breath. I felt a squirt of come trickle out of my cock and slide down my shaft. I had to get that cock up Matt's ass, and quick.

OKAY MATT," I said. "Why don't you get on your hands and knees, it'll be easier for you." The bed creaked and bounced as he flipped over. I told him I was lubricating his asshole and my dick, making them good and slippery for his first ass fuck. I only hoped Sue understood what I was saying.

"Now relax, Matt," I said smoothly. "I'm going to push my cock in nice and slow. The head is against your hole, can you feel it?"

"Yes, yesss," he panted.

"Ready? Here it comes, nice and slow." There was a long moan mixed with deep sighs. I made a tight fist and began to lower it onto my own cock, feeling Matt's sphincter, tight and strong sucking me in, his virgin hole begging to be filled by my man meat.

"Oh, please," Matt moaned. The cock was pushing past his muscle.

"Oh, you're so tight, so warm," I said. "It's so good." I listened to him moan and sigh. Something was making a pounding sound on the mattress. "I'm almost there," I told him, hoping Sue's hand was at the same place on the dildo as mine was on my cock. When my fist reached the base of my prick, I told Matt I was going to start rocking, very slowly. I listened to his breathing, deep and full and heavy. I imagined the dildo stuffed all the way in his rectum, then pulled out and pushed in again, as I stroked my cock. He moaned slightly as he exhaled. Slowly I built the pace with my voice, matching it with my fist.

"Oh Matt, I'm so close," I breathed into the phone.

"Me too," he answered urgently.

"I don't think I can hold back," I blurted. I was cutting my words short while catching my breath. The room was heavy with tension. I knew he was near the edge. I held back, letting him come first.

"Oh, shit, I'm gonna come," he yelled. "I'm coming. . .I'm coming!" The bed was bouncing and squeaking furiously. I could hear Sue moaning and gasping. She was bringing herself to another orgasm. I heard them both moaning and grunting in their ecstasy and felt my cock swell for the coming explosion. My come squirted from my cock in short, rapid spurts and splattered across my chest.

I envisioned Matt on his knees, shooting his come onto the sheets. I felt my hands on his hips, my cock buried in his tight, hot ass and spurting the white cream into him. Sue was behind us, frigging herself wildly, mesmerized by the sight of our quivering asses. My chest felt as if it was on fire. I was covering myself with come; even my neck and face got hit with the hot cream.

EVENTUALLY our breathing slowed and deepened. I heard the dildo pop out of Matt's ass. He moaned—a deep moan from within his chest. And the dildo was out.

"That was great," he finally whispered. "You're good, real good."

"This is a birthday he won't forget for a long time," Sue said, sounding satisfied with herself as well as with me.

"Maybe next year we can do it for real," Matt said. There was excitement and a touch of pleading in his voice.

"Maybe," I said, laughing. We talked a while longer before they decided to hang up. I didn't rush them. I enjoy talking to my callers after we have sex. They always sound so peaceful, so satisfied.

Later I thought about Matt's offer. I would like to meet them, but my business is fantasies. So maybe next month I'll call *them* and get to use Matt's cock. The one I keep in my bedside drawer. It'll be a birthday gift to myself.

EROTIC LETTERS

MA BELL LENDS A HELPING HAND

I was home alone late one night, nothing decent was on the tube, and I was horny. I picked up a stack of pornographic magazines and began leafing through them, stroking my dick to hardness. Some how this wasn't satisfying to me, I needed something else, an extra kicker to get off properly.

It was then I noticed the phone sex ads. In the back of all the magazines were scads of ads promising a hot time over the wire. I decided to try it, thinking it would provide the extra dimension I was looking for. I picked an ad that featured my favorite porn actress, Stacey Donovan, as a model. The ad copy read, "I want to feel your hot cock in my hungry hole. Call me." I dialed the number, my dick standing upright in anticipation. "Hello," came a cheery voice on the other end. "My name is Tammy. How may I help you?"

"I'd like a hot fuck," I said.

"Is there any particular type of girl you'd like?" she asked.

I thought for a second and then asked for "a slut. I want a real cock-crazy, whorish tramp."

"Right away, sir," the girl said, and after taking my credit card number and my home phone, she said that my girl would call right back. I hung up the phone and began stroking the rocket in my lap eagerly awaiting what I hoped would be a sexy, slutty voice to help me blast off.

About three minutes later my phone rang. I picked it up and said hello. A gravelly voice asked, "Is this Mike?" She sounded as if she gargled with razor blades, but it was a sexy voice nonetheless.

"Yeah, this is Mike," I said. "Hi, Mike. I'm Traci. And I want to suck your cock."

Ah, rapture! Traci told me what she looked like (she said she was a skinny redhead with a tight round ass, blue eyes, and a mouth big enough for the largest cock, just the way I like a girl to look) and asked me what I looked like. Then she asked me what I was wearing.

"Just a pair of boxer shorts that are now around my ankles," I said.

"Mmm," she moaned. "Yes, I can see that tremendous cock you've got. I love cock. I love to suck cock, I love to have it shoved up my cunt, I love it rammed up my ass. I want to you to jam your fuckstick down my throat." Then she made some sluttish slobbering noises and continued her monologue.

"God, my cunt is so wet. Can you smell it? I've got practically my whole hand stuck up my pussy and your huge dick in my mouth." I was beating my cock faster and faster, as her words were music to my ears. "Can you fuck my cunt now? Will you lay that pipe in my juicy slit?"

I told her I was going to toss her on her back and fuck the living daylights out of her. She screamed "Yes, yes. Fuck me hard. Fuck me dirty. I have to have your cock deep inside me. I want it now!"

The orgasm built inside me until I exploded, the semen flying so high that it hit me in the chin. She moaned like the most outrageous whore, telling me I was the best she ever had. I told her she was tops, and then she thanked me and told me to call back anytime and ask for her. I promised I would soon and hung up, falling asleep with a mile-wide smile on my face.

Mr. M.D.,
Massachusetts

TRANSVESTISM

Silken Linings

In celebration of one year together, a man surprises his open-minded lover when he sheds his masculine facade and transforms himself into a delectable female

BY BARBARA DOOLITTLE

TO CELEBRATE the first anniversary of our living together, Jason suggested he dress up like me. At first it seemed like an innocent lark. But as it turned out, switching roles for an evening revealed his deepest sexual needs and desires.

Jason's a small, slim man, and when I'm in heels, we're both about five-feet-eight-inches tall. Dark-haired, like me, he has lovely brown eyes and a sensuous, full mouth. When I pointed out his mustache, he immediately said he'd shave it off.

It was about a week before the big day, and we were sitting in the living room of the West Side apartment we share. I was a little bit surprised at his eagerness. "You're positive you want to go through with this?" I asked him again, wanting to be sure I understood.

Not only did he want to go through with it, but for the next few days, he could talk about hardly anything else. One night he spent an hour rummaging through my closet, holding up various dresses and earnestly asking me which one I thought he'd look best in for our night of love as ladies. I let him spill out my jewelry box and then sat there, half smiling, while he tried on earrings and strands of pearls.

Since my shoes wouldn't fit him, he pestered me until I borrowed a pair of pumps from a friend of mine. He was taking the whole thing so seriously! I was amused by his enthusiasm, but on a deeper level, I could feel myself becoming more and more excited.

ON OUR ANNIVERSARY, we got an early start. I gave him the whole afternoon to get ready. While I set out my makeup on the kitchen table, he went inside to shower and shave. After about twenty minutes, he came walking into the kitchen nude and asked shyly, "What do you think?"

I was startled at his appearance, but I was also secretly thrilled. He'd not only shaved off his mustache, he'd shaved his legs, chest, underarms and pubic area as well. Without the mustache he looked years younger, and his sleek legs, though a bit muscular in the thighs, were nearly as shapely as mine.

I stared at his hairless crotch; his cock seemed larger and more vulnerable, and I couldn't resist taking it in my hand. Tugging his foreskin, I smiled and said, "Come on, let's do your face."

It took me about half an hour to put on his makeup and eyelashes. All the time I was working, we hardly spoke; our silence was charged with sexual energy. Now and then I'd glance down at Jason's erection, which quietly bobbed with his heartbeat as I made him beautiful.

When I finished tracing his mouth with red lipstick, I pulled the electric curlers out of his hair and combed it out. Sitting back, I lit a cigarette and squinted at him judiciously. With his long lashes and brown eye shadow, his eyes looked huge and vivid, and his wet, red mouth sultry. "You're really quite lovely," I laughed.

Jason was anxious to see himself in the mirror, but by this time, proud of my handiwork, I wanted him to wait until he was fully dressed and the illusion was complete. Taking his hand, I led him into the bedroom and gave him a pair of my black lace panties. Even beneath his makeup, I could see him blushing. He slipped into the panties and pulled them up until his balls bulged in the crotch.

After struggling into a pair of pantyhose, he got into one of my brassieres. I stuffed two rolled-up stockings in the cups and then handed him the blousy green dress he'd selected. Stepping into the full skirt, he tugged the dress over his hips and let me button the bodice. Then I turned him around and brought him over to the mirror on the wall.

As he turned from side to side, examining himself in the glass, I think we were both rather stunned, really. Jason is a nice-looking man, but as a woman he was truly magnificent. A real beauty.

I was wearing very little makeup, and I was dressed in jeans and an oversized t-shirt. There was only one elegant young woman in the mirror—and it wasn't me. All at once, staring at this "other woman," I was aware of how slippery my pussy had become.

I've never had any bisexual experiences, but on many occasions I've been attracted to other women. Women often play a part in my masturbatory fantasies as well. With Jason dressed like this, I was suddenly so aroused that my face flushed with excitement. Jason was turned on, too, and the thought of his warm prick stirring inside my lace panties made me even hotter.

I stepped closer and put my hand between his legs, touching his cock through his dress. "We'll have to take care of this," I said teasingly. I could feel him trembling. I grabbed his hand and dragged him over to the bed, then pushed him down and started playfully tussling with him.

Jason reacted with a kind of tremulous passivity, turning his face this way and that to avoid my kisses, and the peculiar delicacy of this protest excited me even more. I felt intoxicated by the perfumed smell of his makeup, and the silky feel of his dress made my hands tingle.

MY LIPSTICK TASTE, on his mouth, though, was the thing that sent me fully into heat. This was no longer a game. I caught his face in my

hands and forced my mouth onto his, then pushed my tongue between his lips, making it fat in order to force his mouth open.

As my kiss became more urgent, I brought my body on top of his, pinning him down, and seized his wrists and held his hands against the bed. I kept kissing him until he lay still, and then I reached down and bunched his skirt above his waist.

I was too excited to get undressed, or perhaps I didn't want to shatter the illusion by exposing my pussy. Instead, I began grinding my groin against his hard-on. Exactly like a woman, he lifted his legs in the air and wrapped them around me. I put a hand on one of his bra cups, and as my belly filled with heat, I took his painted lower lip between my teeth and roughly thrust my pelvis against him. My clitoris ached with pleasure. Lifting my mouth from his, I cried out and convulsed in orgasm.

Considering the intensity of our scene, I was surprised at how quickly he got himself completely back together to serve me a beautiful anniversary dinner. Over coffee and cognac he sat there in his stocking feet with his legs crossed and his red-nailed hands folded in his lap. As we talked, he reached for one of my cigarettes and turned to me expectantly. Giving him a small smile, I took out my lighter and held the flame beneath his cigarette.

Later, when a slow ballad came on the radio, I took him in my arms and he laid his cheek on my shoulder and followed my lead. I had one hand resting on the small of his back, and I could feel the waistband of his pantyhose through his dress. I could also feel his cock beginning to stiffen. Whispering in his ear, I told him the best was yet to come.

He drew back a little and looked at me, blinking with his long lashes. Staring into the depths of his brown eyes, I suddenly wanted him with a sexual hunger I'd rarely felt. Before he could say anything, I hurried into the bedroom

and took the pièce de résistance out of my bureau.

I carefully strapped the harness around my waist and legs, fixing the base of the dildo firmly in place. My shirttails disguised the harness itself, and when I glanced in the mirror, the latex cock was drooping between my legs.

With my heart pounding, I called to Jason. I could hear his dress rustling as he got up from the couch and came down the hall. When he saw the tool dangling between my legs, he stopped in his tracks and his eyes widened. I backed up a step and sat down on the edge of the bed. Reaching down, I stroked the shaft and whispered, "Suck my cock."

Jason delicately lifted his skirt and knelt between my spread thighs. Then he bent forward and took the dildo in one hand, leaning into my crotch for balance. The sight of his red fingertips against the pink of my tool excited me terribly. As soon as he began licking the latex cock held snug against me, a small orgasm rippled through my belly. He bobbed his head, smearing his lipstick along the shaft of my rubber prick.

A MUCH BIGGER ORGASM began building inside me. I was afraid I'd come again too quickly, so I reached down and pushed Jason away. As the dildo slipped from his mouth, I got to my feet and went over to the dresser. After coating the dildo with KY jelly, I crossed the room and stood there with my hands on my hips, looking down at him.

My heart was hammering away wildly. Jason was sitting on his haunches, watching me intently. With his skirt hiked to the thighs and his lipstick smeared on his mouth, he had a sluttish look that made my cunt contract. After a long pause, he turned away and pulled down his pantyhose and panties. Then he got into a hands-and-knees position and presented me with his naked ass.

There was one final gesture of surrender I wanted, and he gave me that, too. With his red nails splayed on his white ass, he bowed his head and spread his cheeks, opening himself for me, offering me his most intimate orifice.

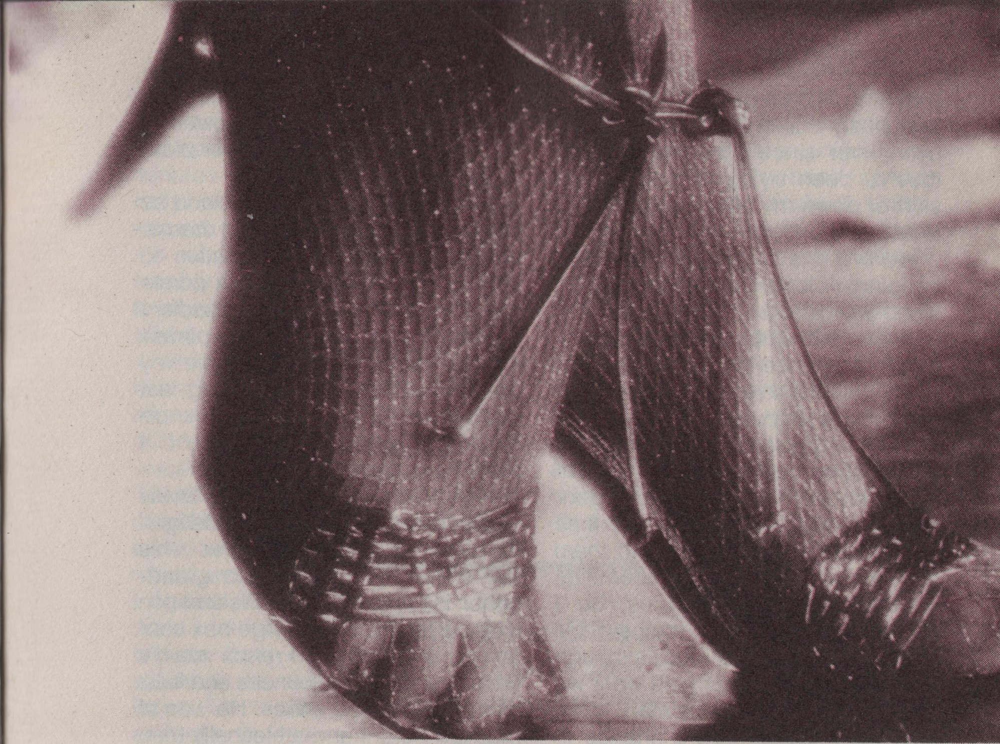
As I looked down on the globes of his rump, I felt a wonderful sense of power and tenderness. I didn't want to hurt him, but I wanted to possess him entirely. Sinking down behind him, I pressed my latex prick between his cheeks, aiming it with my fist, then gently pressed forward. I waited a moment and then eased forward again. For a minute or two, I barely made any progress at all. The head of my rubber prick was inside him, but his rectum had tightened, barring my way.

Sweat beaded on my forehead and dripped down my back. With a patience I could hardly bear, I stroked his ass with my fingers and cooed to him softly. Jason gave a deep sigh of acceptance, and then all at once, as his sphincter relaxed, I was sliding inside him, burying my tool in his ass.

Mounting him like that, I took him by the hips and began fucking him. As I stroked in and out, his head swayed from side to side and he panted heavily. Each time I buried the dildo, the harness bumped against my swollen clit. Little tremors of pleasure kept rippling through my belly, and my cunt seemed to be filling up with golden light.

When my orgasm was nearly upon me, I buried the dildo one last time and reached beneath him, grabbing for his dick. It felt like an extension of mine. As I shoved into him and stroked his erection, I could feel his asshole tightening, tugging at the dildo. Then the head of his cock became plum-sized, and his cock jumped and spurted. Clamping down with my pussy muscles, I grabbed hold of my own orgasm, and wave after wave of pleasure coursed through my body.

For a moment, with my dildo up his ass and his semen spurting through my fingers, I felt as if his seed was ours, and our orgasm was truly united.



TRANSVESTISM READER LETTERS

The following are just a few of the many letters to the editor in which our readers describe for us erotic lifestyles incorporating this unique area of sexual pleasure.

BUSY CAREER WOMEN ENJOY THE SERVICES OF DAINTILY CLAD SERVANT

When I'm at my boyfriend's apartment, I frequently glance through the cross-dressing magazines he has lying around. Some of that sexual stuff is pretty kinky, and it's exciting to read. Lately I've been paying more and more attention to the ads in the back of the papers from guys beseeching women to be permitted to serve as their maids with their only compensation being domination, scolding, spanking and the like.

My roommate, Lola, and I are executives at a large department store downtown. We're both twenty-six, divorced, graduates of the same Midwestern university and, if I may say so myself, knockouts. Lola's a tall, statuesque ash blonde with great legs and body work. I'm a redhead

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with long, slim legs and the kind of beautifully pointed tits fellows drool over. Ever since I can remember, they've been trying to look up my skirt or down my blouse. Naturally, I love the attention.

We live in a large apartment and keeping it clean is a major problem, since we work pretty long hours. If we were both slobs, it wouldn't make much difference, but Lola and I are quite fastidious, and since we like having guests over often, we need a maid at least once a week. But we've found household help expensive, frequently unreliable and generally inadequate. Most of the time we find ourselves catering to *them* and overlooking their shortcomings so they won't abandon us. So I showed Lola the ads in the S&M press. She liked the idea, although she wasn't sure how much work we could really get out of the men. "Well, anyway, I haven't had a chance to swing my sorority paddle since college, and it should be fun," she grinned.

Well, we went about answering a few of the ads. Most of the men just seemed to be interested in getting their fannies whacked, which was okay, but a few really sounded like winners and we scheduled them for auditions. Since one was a dentist and another a high school principal, we figured we'd hit pay dirt. They all sounded good and were very eager to please us over the phone. The only thing now was how good they were at cleaning house.

We were certainly prepared to fulfill our end of the bargain. Lola, after a lengthy search, rediscovered her trusty sorority paddle, which showed signs of extensive use. Many a pledge had howled under its impact. I had a sturdy cat-o'-nine-tails purchased from one of those sex shops. Just the idea of running the cat's soft lashes through my fingers gave me gooseflesh. And the idea of a daintily clad servant cowering at my feet caused me to quiver pleasurably.

I was wearing snug jeans, and as I thought about the unfolding drama, I couldn't resist the temptation to stroke my crotch, my breath quickening as I envisioned my obedient houseboy anxiously striving to please me no matter how impossible my demands. The idea of at long last having the whip in hand was enormously titillating. And Lola and I planned to make the most of it.

Well, Michael, the man we finally decided on, proved a true delight. He had steel-gray hair and was in his late forties, married and a grandfather. He showed up for his audition fully prepared, with a large box containing a complete French maid's uniform with all the flounces and frills, even high-heeled shoes. He was of medium height and athletically trim. We watched with interest as he undressed in front of us, then slipped into a pair of black, sheer bikinis, a garter belt and black net stockings. He then slid the dress over his lingerie, the skirt dropping halfway down his thighs.

As he displayed himself before us, we had to admire his flat, hard stomach and well-proportioned cock. Lola instinctively stroked her thighs as she gazed at Michael's member. When he was completely dressed, he slipped on a curly blonde wig topped by a maid's cap.

We put him to work cleaning up the bathroom and the kitchen. And we had him vacuum the whole apartment while we watched television. He was quick and efficient. He had thoughtfully brought along a flexible riding whip to be used if we were displeased with his work. I sat in front of the TV set, idly tapping the floor with the whip.

When Michael was finished, he re-

ported to us, dutifully waiting for one of us to acknowledge his presence. We coldly ignored him for several minutes as he stood anxiously. Finally Lola announced that she would inspect his work and asked me for the whip. With her maid walking humbly behind her, she proceeded to check out what he had accomplished.

While they were in the bathroom I heard Lola berating her underling for some dereliction. Later, in the kitchen and foyer, my beauteous roommate voiced vexation. Michael returned to the living room, fully realizing he would be punished for his inadequacies. I was somewhat bemused, as I figured he had done a terrific job, but as Lola explained to me later, TV maids expect to be dealt with unreasonably. She had him lower his panties and bend over, grabbing his ankles. I leaned forward to get a better look as I found myself breathing quickly at the lewd sight of him.

"We watched as he slipped into black sheer bikinis, garter belt and black net stockings. We had him bend over, so we could lash his backside."

Lola stepped back and lashed his backside leisurely, raising rosy welts on the white skin. Our maid moaned and twisted in agony, but Lola refused to let up, greatly relishing his ordeal. I had masturbated to two orgasms watching this fascinating duel. Finally she tossed the lash aside and, gasping, left the room in order to relieve her own pent-up frustration. Michael remained bent forward, probably wondering if I would take up the whip. I didn't have the heart. I laid him down on the couch and gently applied a soothing cream to his scorched bottom.

For the next six months, Michael reported to us weekly, keeping our apartment incredibly clean. He laundered our lingerie by hand, ironed, mended and even cooked. Unfortunately, his company transferred him out of town, and there were tears in his eyes as he said goodbye.

Paul, tall, slim and bald, has turned out to be an excellent ladies' chambermaid. He greatly enjoys attending either Lola or myself in the bath, giving us pedicures, shaving our legs and brushing our hair. We see him about once every two weeks and enjoy his services. His ass is paddled regularly for any fuck-ups and I get to use my cat on him quite frequently. He thrives on this treatment.

On one occasion, when he was all decked out in his finery, Lola became so enraged at his failure to obey a command to her satisfaction that she ordered him to lift his ruffled skirt, pull down his lacy panties and jack off in front of several guests. Even though I had whipped him often, I was shocked by this directive.

Paul's face flushed as he trembled in his petticoats, reached into his panties and proceeded to obey his mistress. We all watched in fascination as he pumped his rod until finally, after about fifteen minutes, Lola pointed to a wall and enjoined him to "hose it down." With a mighty shudder he complied, splashing huge gobs of sperm high up on the wall, where it began to trickle down. But the ultimate humiliation was yet to come.

"Now, Miss Paul, you may lick it

up," Lola purred, her eyes glistening. Our little frilly maid looked around in embarrassment, this hesitancy infuriating Lola, who proceeded to pick up her riding whip. As she advanced toward him, he quickly dropped to his knees and sought to ward off the lash by lapping up his own seed. He was, however, a bit too slow for his mistress. "Do it, do it!" Lola snarled, standing over him as she cunningly zeroed in on her helpless target. Paul licked feverishly to mollify her mounting peevishness.

And as he submitted to this madness, I know he considered himself most fortunate to have found such a tirelessly attentive instructress. Meanwhile, our guests thanked us for the marvelous entertainment, several of the men stating they would gladly substitute for Paul anytime. As it turned out, they did.

Ms. I.T.,
Washington

SECRET PANTIES

Thank heavens my wife has taken control of her sexual satisfaction and mine. She does not hesitate to take me to Victoria's Secret to purchase a sexy bra-and-panty set, making sure I let the salesgirl know that the lingerie is for me. Several times I have been able to persuade the salesgirl to let me use the dressing room to try on my purchases. I model them for her before I leave. My wife, who is always nearby, takes pleasure in silently witnessing my predicament.

I spend the rest of the day shopping with my wife, all the time wearing my new sexy underwear. Eventually my cock explodes in my panties. After I have come I have to inform her of my situation. If I've been good, when we get home I have the luxury of her stroking my cock or sometimes doing so myself until I blast my come into my own mouth.

On occasion, she allows me to feel like a woman by putting me in a sexy bra-and-panty set complete with a garter belt and stockings and four-inch high heels. She usually invites her best girlfriend over and together they seduce me. It always ends with my servicing each woman with my mouth until they are completely satisfied. Then my panties are removed and my legs raised in the air and placed over their shoulders while my ass is thoroughly fucked with an eight-inch dildo. After they have finished with me, I am permitted to put my panties back on and come in them. I am then required to sleep in my come-filled panties.

Thank you for printing my story. While I was writing it, my cock got very hard, and I am anticipating reading over my letter while furiously masturbating, ready to swallow my hot come as it splashes into my mouth.

Mr. T.U.,
Kentucky

MARRIED MAN RECALLS ONE-NIGHT STAND WITH GORGEOUS TV

For several years now, I have been fascinated by attractive TV's. I've always wondered if I could get turned on to the point of actually "making it" with one. Very recently, I found out.

On a business trip to New York City, I had an encounter the likes of which I'd only fantasized about. In the five years I'd been married, I'd never touched another woman, and I guess I still haven't. However, I did have a one-night affair I'll never forget.

In a dimly lit bar, an extremely attractive young blonde attired in a tight, short, pale pink dress caught my eye. She was nursing a drink at the bar, her long, stockinged legs dangling from the bar stool. Her shapely body was in full view of all. But something about her—possibly

the fact that she had applied a bit too much makeup—tipped me off that there was more to this lady than met the eye.

It wasn't long after she noticed my interest in her that she made her way to my table. She introduced herself as Jean. Although her mere presence was making me hotter by the minute, I also had concluded that my inclinations were correct. I was sitting next to an extremely sexy TV!

As we continued to converse, we became quite frank with each other. Jean said she'd been cross-dressing in public only a short time and had never gone any further than that. I confessed to being fascinated by TV's. We decided to find out just how far our fantasies would take us that evening as she accepted an invitation to go to my hotel room.

❛She got on all fours, her gorgeous ass, framed by the sexy garter belt and stockings, wiggled for attention as I entered her from behind.❜

During the one-block walk, I was both nervous and horny at the same time. How far could I or would I go with the luscious blonde at my side? Every click of Jean's heels on the sidewalk sent a chill up my spine.

Jean asked to freshen up when we reached my room and stepped into the bathroom. When she returned, she took my breath away. Her pink dress had been discarded and her entire curvy body was now on display for me alone. She had on a sexy lavender garter belt with matching panties and bra. Her long legs were sheathed in white nylons. My heart was thumping loudly as she took a seat beside me on the sofa.

Her arms encircled my neck, her nails lightly raking the sensitive skin there. I still had some reservations, but they were quickly melting away. As our mouths came together for our first gentle kiss, everything began to feel "right." Jean's manicured fingers worked at my clothes. It didn't take her long to find my rock-hard prick, her hands stroking it while I likewise explored her shapely body. When she finally broke our heated kiss, her active mouth left a trail of kisses down my chest and stomach until her lips were resting on the head of my raging cock.

"Suck me, Jean," I implored. "Please, baby. Suck me."

Jean obliged, her glossy lips opening to take in the head and then quickly swallowing every available inch of my hot shaft. In my aroused state it wasn't long before I was pumping a huge load down the beautiful blonde's throat. And, unlike my wife, Jean happily drank down every last drop of my creamy come.

Our night didn't end there. Jean got on the bed on all fours. Her gorgeous ass, still framed by the sexy garter belt and stockings, was wiggling for attention. I accepted the invitation, entering her tight puckered hole from behind. To say it was an enjoyable fuck would be an understatement. Jean's anus gripped my pumping dick in a most delightful way. Having experienced her incredible blowjob just minutes earlier, I was able to screw her shapely bottom for some time before finally exploding again.

I may be going back to New York next month, and this time I'll have

absolutely no reservations about getting together with that beautiful TV.

Mr. C.Y.,
Pennsylvania

SINGING FOR MY SEX

I recently celebrated a birthday, and my wife, Kay, gave me quite a surprising gift. She had told me to plan on something special, but I never expected what happened.

On that Saturday she had me shower and shave. When I got out of the bathroom, she put a blindfold on me and told me not to say a word, no matter what happened. That was intriguing!

First, Kay put perfumed powder all over my body. Then she gently rubbed and stroked my cock until it was rock-hard. She quietly told me that this was just the start. With that she took my cock in her mouth and sucked it. Slowly she worked her way up and down the shaft until I was ready to explode. Then she stopped and told me I had to be properly attired for what was to come next.

I heard her getting out clothes. First she put a garter belt and stockings on me. It was really strange, because she had never done anything like this before, even though I had begged and begged and begged her to in the past. Kay was taking her time, making sure she continued to stroke me. Then came spiked high heels. I could hear her laughing as I tried to stand in those shoes.

Next came one of her huge, floor-length formal petticoats. It was made of taffeta and nylon net and rustled every time I moved. Then came a satin dress. I couldn't see anything, of course, but my wife kept telling me what she was doing and how the clothes looked on me. The dress was all satin, tight and stretchy, with a low, ruffled neckline. To top off the outfit, Kay put a long-haired wig on me, complete with a big bow in back. She finished with red lipstick. Then she told me the best part was next.

She led me to the middle of the room, where she tied my hands to a hook she had screwed in the ceiling. Then she tied my ankles together so I could barely stand in my spiked heels. Then she lowered my blindfold. I could see in the mirror that she had dressed me up as a televangelist country-western singer!

I had on a green satin dress that was covered with ruffles. As I stared at my reflection, Kay got out of her clothes and put on a wicked outfit. She dressed in a red corset with fishnet stockings and spiked heels and then put on a hair bow that matched the one I was wearing. She stood in front of me and said, "Start singing or I'm going to have to gag you." She rubbed my cock through the satin dress.

Once my cock was good and hard, she started pinching my nipples through the dress. She had me hanging there and squirming and singing away for all I was worth. Then she got out some nipple rings she had bought and, pulling my dress down in front, attached them to my sensitive nipples. Then she put the dress back up. That got me gasping and warbling, so Kay put a gag in my mouth and put the blindfold back over my eyes.

I felt her lift the front of my dress and run her hands up and down my stockinged legs and trace her long nails along my garter belt. With one hand she gently massaged my balls while running a long fingernail up and down the shaft with her other hand. Then she started on my cock with her mouth. She would nibble on the end, then take the head in her mouth and slide it in and out. My moans through the gag told her I was enjoying every moment.

Then the blindfold was pulled

down and my wife was standing in front of me. She laughed and told me to just enjoy. I had to stand there and watch and feel what it was like to be a woman. Kay lay back on the bed and started to play with herself. She had never done anything like that before. With one hand she massaged her breasts and with the other she worked on her wet pussy. I could only stand there and watch as she slowly slid two fingers in and out. All the while my cock was getting harder and harder. I could feel myself breathing heavier and heavier and I was squirming back and forth, struggling in my heels.

As I stood there in slutty drag, Kay worked her pussy harder and harder. Finally I couldn't endure it and groaned loudly. Shortly thereafter Kay came over to me. I was literally hanging from the ceiling as she jerked me off in her hand. Then she took off the gag and untied my legs and hands. I wondered what was next.

"She lifted my dress and ran her hands along my stockinged legs. Gently, she massaged my balls, running a long fingernail up my throbbing shaft."

Kay wasn't done. She roughed me up, pushing me onto the bed and kising me hard. As she did she reached under my tight satin skirt and rubbed my cock as she told me how good I looked dressed as a woman. Soon she had me hard again. She pushed me over onto my back and shimmied my skirt up over my erection. Then she slid her wet, hot pussy down onto my cock. She took my hands and had me squeeze her breasts as she pumped my cock.

As I came a second time she whispered, "Happy birthday." Then she told me that this was just the start. She had decided that there were several holidays that deserved this special attention. But she refuses to tell me which ones. She'll only promise to dress me up and use me as sexually slutty types of women. I hope she does it again soon!

Mr. S.U.,
Ohio

BOSSY MAID INTERVIEWS FOR ALL-MALE HAREM

My mistress requires a stable of fifty virile men to satisfy her sexual needs. My primary function in life is to ensure that this stable is at all times well stocked, in top physical shape and ready to perform upon her request. While this may not seem to be a very hefty task, the several aspects relating to the maintenance of the stable do require my full-time attention and all out effort.

The first area in which some expertise is required is the recruitment of eligible candidates. These men must be handsome, with no facial hair, of relatively young age—between twenty-five and forty, must have trim and muscular bodies (again non-hirsute is essential), and must be well groomed, well read and well traveled. The last item determined in the initial, casual interview is the size of the applicant's cock and balls. While it is desirable to exhibit trimmed pubic hair and clean-shaven balls at the interview, I can arrange to have this accomplished and maintained subsequent to the applicant's admission to the stable, if need be.

I perform these preliminary interviews dressed as a sexy woman. Although all of the men I interview have come to me through personal references, some of whom know that I am a man and that the men are being considered for an all-male harem, the candidate himself has no idea that I am a male. In fact, I do my best to convince him that I am the hottest well-bred slut that he has ever met.

Within the first fifteen minutes of the interview, I will have begun to stroke his bulging cock and balls. If it feels as if he will be of suitable size, I will choose a good moment to slip under the table at my mistress' favorite restaurant (when I first did this, she gave me a letter of introduction for the maitre d' telling him of my assignment) and pull the applicant's cock from the confines of his trousers to check its size and shape. I'll slip it in my mouth for a minute or so, just to convince him that I am serious.

If the initial interview is successful, I schedule another interview at my home. I remind the applicant that he is not to come before he sees me again. This second interview is more formal. I wear my best maid's uniform, and the domination aspects of our relationship become even more evident. From this point on Mistress becomes involved, but only as an observer, as the manual part of the interview is beneath her.

When the candidate arrives, he is escorted to the preparation room. Here he is supplied with an interviewing robe, and if he has not attended to his pubic hair, I trim it for him. At this time he has the option of having his balls shaved or waxed. When I have accomplished all of these tasks, I send word to my mistress that we are ready for her to join us. Only now does the applicant realize that I am a very obedient man serving a very demanding mistress.

Upon her arrival, Mistress will greet our guest, take her seat, instruct the video operator to begin taping the interview, and ask us to begin. At this point her only concern is the physical performance of the candidate. She does trust me to screen them on all other counts. I begin to undress the man. The first thing she wants to see is how long and thick his cock is at full erection. This is always accomplished by having him recline on the chaise longue with one leg resting on its back and the other foot resting firmly on the floor, with me kneeling in my frilly skirts before him.

First she has me arouse the candidate by stroking his thighs with my hands, letting my fingers brush his balls. This will last for about three minutes and should not cause him to have a full erection. When she gives the word, I stop stroking him and begin to massage his balls while occasionally pausing to lick them and draw each one into my mouth. Then, on her command, I will extend the attention of my ruby lips and tongue to the base of his cock, slowly working my way up its now fully erect length to its throbbing, purple head.

When he is ready to ejaculate, he is to withdraw his cock so that Mistress can see his come spurting into my mouth and the camera can record it. In this way she can judge the quantity of his semen. It is my job then to savor his seed and report on its flavor and bouquet. We have found that if a man has succeeded in all other areas except flavor, if I work with him, tasting him on a daily basis and generally adding significant amounts of parsley to his diet, within ten days I will be able to report to my mistress whether he will be a viable candidate for her stable.

My mistress will not have sex with any one of these men more than once every two weeks. On the average,

she fucks three of them a day. While I am to prepare each one by bringing him to her and sucking him until he is fully hard, to watch them while they fuck and lick them clean afterward, I am also required to satisfy those not fortunate enough to have access to my mistress' pussy. They usually cannot wait to squirt their two weeks' worth of come down my throat.

The other portion of my job is to keep the men well groomed and prepared to shoot the biggest, hottest load possible. I am constantly trimming their pubic hair and waxing their big balls. Additionally, at least once every other day I am to massage their bodies, ending with their cocks. I will suck their cocks for at least twenty minutes.

I try my hardest to keep the man on the verge of coming. It's important to keep him from actually coming, because if he ejaculates during any of these episodes, he will be removed from the stable and I will have one additional place to fill!

Mr. A.P.,
California

"Do you mind if I fondle a few of your privates?"

OUTDOOR SEX

Starry, Starry Night

A strapping beauty with a lusty appreciation of the great outdoors takes a skeptical out-of-shape city boy on a climb to the very peak of pleasure

BY PETER LATIMER

"BELIEVE ME, it's better in the mountains," Lauren said when we first met. She was three stools down from me in a little bar tucked among the Adirondack Mountains. I was driving home to Boston from a rugby game in Toronto, and I had stopped for a cup of coffee.

"It's only real up there," she said, pointing. "All this down here is nothing."

I didn't catch her meaning, but by then I had taken a good look at her. She was a big girl with long blonde hair, broad cheekbones and deep blue eyes. Under her down vest was the hint of a great body. Her shirt had a shoulder patch with some sort of state emblem on it.

She detected my interest in her. We continued chatting and our eyes never left each other. When it was time for her to leave, she told me with a wink over her shoulder that she was staying right across the road.

Now I consider myself quite a swordsman, but I usually have to work a little harder than this to get a girl to say yes. Still, she was tempting. I followed.

In the cabin, as soon as we got there, she started shucking her clothes. She was interesting indeed—big shoulders tapering gracefully to a narrow waist, then solid hips and a pair of strong, athletic legs. Without a word, she eased herself onto her back on the bed. She stared at me confidently, not moving a muscle, waiting for me to make a move.

I sat down on the bed beside her. Her nipples stood out enticingly, and the pink

lips which peeped out through her golden pubic hair glistened with fluid. As she watched, I leaned down and tentatively passed my tongue along the chubby cleft under her pubic hair; her thighs opened in acceptance. Her cunt gave off a musky scent and a familiar, tantalizing aroma I couldn't quite place. I burrowed deeper and began to gently lap at the slick inner surfaces.

The little hood of flesh around her clitoris swelled and turned a deep red and then unfolded slowly as the stiff little nub emerged. *Greetings, friend!* I thought, and flicked my tongue across its tip. Her body contracted, she raised her thighs, and she whined with pleasure. Starting down below, I began rhythmically licking up between the inner lips to her clitoris, timing each caress to catch the upswing of her pleasure and urge its rhythm faster and faster.

HER BODY had become fluid with my movements. Her thighs hovered near my head. Caught up in her passion, I was willing her to go over the top. Suddenly her thighs clamped around my head, and she began to grind her cunt against my face. Still tonguing her lightly, I stayed with her until she calmed down.

As I lay down beside her, I realized how exhausted I was, perhaps too tired for sex. She was so warm next to me, though, I figured I'd take a nap and then we could fuck. That was the last I recall until the sun pierced the Venetian blinds the next morning and woke me up.

I was alone in the bed. My shirt and pants were hung up neatly in the closet, and there was a note on the dresser:

"Sorry you conked out on me. I felt so good this morning. If you want, come join me in the mountains. Willy in the bar has a pack and a sleeping bag. Tell him you want to take the Balsam Top Trail. Like I said, it's better in the mountains!"

I was in a quandary. I was still horny, but I had never done any hiking before, and when I reached Balsam Top, would she even be there?

Willy turned out to be the bartender from the night before. He didn't open the place until noon, and it took us some time to decide on all the stuff I should bring. He had hold me how to get to the trailhead, but he wouldn't take any money.

"It's for Lauren," he said cryptically. "We have an understanding."

The pack didn't seem heavy as I walked along the glen leading to the mountain, but when the trail got steeper, I started to puff. I stopped frequently and began to wonder why I was doing all this. Still, the memory of the night before kept me stumbling along.

Just when I thought my legs would give out, the trail opened out on a stupendous view. Already I was higher than the surrounding mountains. I could see down Balsam Top's shoulder and across a valley to its neighbor, and beyond that to another green mountaintop and then, as my gaze lifted, over mile after mile of billowing green and snow-capped mountains. Over their rippling slopes the shadows of the clouds drifted, creating an ethereal splendor.

Maybe it is *better in the mountains*, I thought.

I had driven by the mountains many times but had never actually hiked through, and the feeling of isolation was exciting and strangely relaxing.

The pack seemed to get lighter and as I caught my second wind, I entered a grove of pine trees, their fresh scent almost suffocatingly sweet. These must be the balsams, I thought, and I felt an absurd burst of pride, as if I'd made some great discovery. The wind came on harder as I climbed, and soon the trees fell away from the trail. I had reached the top of the mountain.

I looked around for Lauren. I seemed to be alone atop the peak and felt a grand serenity swell inside me, as if I were some Zen monk who'd found his holy

ground. The worries that so consumed my civilized existence now seemed inconsequential, and the most important thing at the moment was to commune with nature. I studied the mountains, admiring the way they folded into hollows and rose up again, on and on into the distance like a motionless ocean. So peaceful, so heavenly were the surroundings, before long I had drifted off to a restful, leisurely nap.

EXQUISITE SENSATIONS woke me. My penis was enclosed in a moist warmth, and a well-educated tongue was gently caressing its underside. I looked down to see Lauren kneeling over me. I was unzipped. She was naked.

Her head began to move slowly down, my rigid cock disappearing between her lips. Her hair fell forward, and behind that golden veil I could feel her pretty face press into my crotch. Then she began to lift her head.

I reached down and pulled her over me. As I kissed her, thanking her for this extraordinary welcome, I felt her slip her cunt over my rigid penis and sink down onto me until her haunches rested on my hips. With agonizing deliberation, she began to raise herself until only the head of my penis was held in her cunt. After a small pause, she started down again, just as slowly. The pace was unbearable, yet I did not seem to have the will to make her go faster. Minutes seemed to pass into hours. Behind her the sun had turned her long hair into a golden halo. Beyond the white of her gently moving hips, I could see the balsams stirring in the wind amidst the still of the great mountains below.

Suddenly she reared back and, squeezing her breasts tightly against herself, began to ride me violently, her beautiful face straining with passion. The sudden change of pace put me over the edge and, holding onto her churning hips, I thrust up into her—in and in and in again. Rejoicing in the splendor of this woman and this beautiful setting.

HER CLIMAX released her at last, and she fell over me. Lying under her body, still shuddering from her passion, I gradually became conscious of our surroundings again: the sun hanging low in the sky, the great rock face under us still warm from its heat, the wind rising as evening approached.

She rolled away from me and stood up. One long tress of hair lay between her breasts. "We have to get supper going before dark," she said. Striding over to her clothes piled neatly beside a knapsack, she seemed part of the mountain itself. I was still horny, but I followed her over to a tent hidden in the trees.

I gathered wood while she started a fire. When I got back she sent me down to a spring for a wash. The water was cold and refreshing, and after toweling off, I felt rejuvenated. Leaving me to watch our supper cook, she visited the spring herself. She did not bother putting on her clothes again, and in the waning light she looked like a glorious animal padding back and forth before the fire. I started to get an erection again. Seeing it, she grinned and kissed me. "Be patient, I want you just as bad!"

While the stew bubbled, she unrolled my sleeping bag in the tent and zipped it to hers to make a double. As it got cooler, she put on her down vest, but nothing else.

After we had eaten and washed the dishes and pots, at last, in the faint glow of the dying fire, she entered the tent. I followed, crawling through the flaps and zipping them behind me.

She was a dull patch of white in the darkness. There was still some heat trapped in the tent from the afternoon sun. I pulled off my clothes and lay beside her, feeling her now familiar warmth and calm breathing. I bent over her and kissed one breast, the nipple stiffening under my lips, as my hands explored the muscular swell of her belly.

Her hot flesh heaved up against my lips. "Yes, there!" she whispered. Her hands settled around my head and urged me gently into the soft thicket of hair. Once again there was that tantalizing aroma, but now I knew what it reminded me of—the dense, satisfying scent of nature itself. As I pressed my tongue into the hairy cleft, the folds of flesh parted slightly, releasing more of that intoxicating scent.

"Oh, yes!" she moaned.

I slid my tongue in deeper. As if I had turned a key in a lock, her thighs opened. The fingers lightly holding my head began to shake with excitement.

I moved around so that I was lying directly facing her opened thighs and pressed my mouth into the exposed inner lips. I passed my saliva-brimming tongue slowly up the soft, spongy groove. She groaned with pleasure, and her thighs closed around my head, binding me closely to her. I licked her slick flesh again, and her thighs clenched tighter around me. The outer folds of flesh were now swollen with blood. The little inner lips, glistening with her juices, seem to suck at my tongue. She began to roll her hips, occasionally lifting them off the floor of the tent with my head still clamped against her cunt.

I felt her stiff clitoris and passed my tongue over it. Crying out, she jerked backward as if to get away from me. I had anticipated that and pursued her, teasing the little nub with the same deliberate rhythm.

"Oh please, oh please, it's. . ." she pleaded, and then she burst into her climax, struggling against it like a wrestler, her back arched as if to throw me off. But I clung steadily, teasing the stiff little bud until her orgasm subsided.

I got up and knelt with my knees against her splayed thighs. She was still shuddering from her climax. My cock felt like a crowbar. I lifted her legs and locked them into position against my own. My cockhead rested just inside the lips of her pussy. For a moment I knelt there, staring through the darkness at her. She waited, motionless.

I slid into her and began the ancient, rhythmic rocking in and out. She reached up and began lightly tracing her fingertips along my arms, which were braced on either side of her, and then down over my moving hips. "Yes, yes, yes. . . ." she was whispering. In the darkness the sounds of the forest surrounded us and blended with the sounds of our love.

My stomach tightened with mounting excitement. The walls of Lauren's cunt began contracting in short, spasmodic waves. Their rhythmic pressures suddenly tipped me over into my own climax, and I began to drive into her. As she reached her peak, she went into her wrestler's arch again, so powerfully that she carried my thrusting body with her. I held on tightly as I pumped, until we collapsed together in exhaustion.

I awoke the next day to the rattle of cookware. Lauren was kneeling in front of a crackling fire. The valleys all around were packed with clouds, so that the mountaintops floated like islands in a billowing white sea. I couldn't decide which was more beautiful, the blissful panorama with which we were surrounded, or my gorgeous Lauren.

After eating, we struck the tent, packed our gear and hiked over to the next mountaintop. She told me she worked as a temporary forest ranger from May through October. Her job was to monitor hiking and camping and keep records on air pollution in the forest. November through April she worked as a wildlife biologist for the state.

We were silent for several minutes, and then she turned to look at me. "Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"Would you like to stay here for the summer?"

Her face tried to say nothing, but I knew what she meant. "And share your life?"

"Yes."

I thought of all that awaited me in Boston. Next week I would be giving a presentation to the firm's biggest account. I looked at Lauren. A sweaty lock

of hair was stuck to her forehead. She looked great. What she had said the night before had now become true for me. Life *was* real only in the mountains. Everything down below just wasn't in the game. "If you want me," I said.

It took a week to arrange the necessary time off. And then we drifted into the world of odd jobs in the mountains—as fire watchers for a lumber company. As I write this, we are up in our fire tower. Lauren is on watch, and I am sitting behind her with our portable typewriter on my lap.

She is naked, and so am I. I can tell you from the slow, preening way she moves around the map table that she is very much aware of me watching her. She leans over the map, the movement parting her buttocks slightly, and I can see her cunt pooching out between her lovely thighs.

I set the typewriter aside and get up to peer over her shoulder, my penis nudging into her asscheeks. It is already slick and oily there, and my cockhead passes easily along the groove.

"See any smoke?" I ask. I shift my hips slightly, and my cock eases directly up into her vagina.

"That could be serious," I whisper in her ear, still pretending to be concerned. "Should we call in?"

But she has abandoned all pretense and leans back and pulls my hands over her breasts. I begin slowly, kneading her distended nipples between my fingertips. As her wide, strong buttocks begin to back urgently against me, I know we are sharing more than our physical connection. Together we are gazing at the long, jagged line of mountains around us and above us, the crystal blue sky, where the hawks are circling higher and higher on the wind until, like us, they seem to enter heaven itself.

EROTIC LETTERS

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

My boyfriend, Oliver, and I are outdoor enthusiasts. He works for the Parks Service, and I am an ornithologist for the local university, studying bald eagles here in Colorado. Oliver and I met in the mountains, so I think it is highly appropriate that we spend most of our time there.

But for all the hiking, camping and rock climbing we have done together, we have never had sex outdoors, at least not until recently. Having a conservative background, all my lovemaking had been done in a bedroom. I had never considered actually getting naked on a mountaintop and screwing like a bighorn sheep. However, circumstances that occurred on a spectacular day last spring changed my mind.

It was the first warm day of the year. Temperatures edged up into the sixties, so Oliver and I decided to take a long hike up a mountain trail. Though it was warm out, pockets of snow still dotted the land. I love that time of year, when you can actually see the overlapping of seasons like that. Anyway, Oliver and I set out that morning in our heavy boots, jeans, flannel shirts and down parkas.

We set out early in the morning and hiked for several hours, stopping to take in sights of flora and fauna. We spotted a few white-tailed deer frolicking in a glade, and Oliver identified some fresh wolf tracks.

As the sun reached its highest point, we reached a summit overlooking a ravine. From this vantage point we had a breathtaking view of the Rockies, from the snowcapped peaks to the densely forested valleys. It was such a great spot that we decided to settle in and have the

lunch that we had packed. After a hearty meal of cold cuts, homemade bread, fruit salad and iced tea, we just relaxed and enjoyed the view. I was very mellow as I noticed two eagles flying overhead. I began to think about how eagles mate for life, and how much I was in love with Oliver.

Since it was such a sunny day, the temperature grew unusually high. I shed my parka and took off my boots and wool socks, enjoying running my toes in the cool green grass. Suddenly I felt Oliver's lips on the back of my neck. I closed my eyes and groaned with pleasure. His hands slid down my sides and cupped my breasts. "Perhaps," I whispered to him, "we should head back down the mountain."

"I don't think I can wait that long," Oliver replied, his voice thick with desire. Then he began unbuttoning my shirt. My eyes shot open and I sat bolt upright.

"What are you doing," I squealed.

Oliver, always a cool customer, looked at me placidly and said, "I'm stripping you naked so we can fuck like wild animals."

I must have looked like a cornered wild animal, my eyes fraught with terror, my hands clutching my unbuttoned shirt. "But somebody might see us!" I wailed.

"My dear," Oliver began, removing his own shirt, "the only living creatures who will see us are those eagles circling overhead." I looked back up at the magnificent birds, so free, and then back at Oliver, who was now stripped to the waist, his beautifully muscled chest now exposed. Nervous, but now turned on as well, I shrugged my shirt off my shoulders. Oliver dropped to his knees and unfastened my bra, and my breasts swung free.

A cool breeze kicked up, wafting across my breasts, and my nipples hardened into steel bolts. Then Oliver took one of my nipples in his mouth, and I surrendered completely, forgetting where I was. He sucked one of my breasts while gently fondling the other. My hands did some roaming of their own, coming to rest on the growing lump in his pants.

Oliver laid me back in the grass and pulled off my pants and underwear. The blades of grass tickled my bottom and I began to giggle, but that stopped when I felt Oliver's talented tongue begin licking my pussy. His considerable cunnilingus skills are one of his greatest attributes as a lover, and this occasion was no different, despite the odd, exciting location.

I gazed up at the clear blue sky and let myself grow dizzy. I lost all track of time and space and merely concentrated on the bare wisps of clouds in the sky and the intense pleasure in my loins. I came, feeling like a mountain stream rushing through the rapids.

I raised myself on my elbows, trying to come to my senses, and I realized that Oliver was removing the rest of his clothes. His thick, clublike penis stood straight out, pointing at me. I sat up and accepted it in my mouth, coating the shaft, head, and balls with my saliva. Oliver hummed his happiness, caressing my hair, and when I glanced up, I could see his own hair, whipped by the wind.

"I'm ready to burst," he gasped, withdrawing from my mouth. He grabbed my ankles and parted my legs as wide as they could go. He then plunged his bright-red cock in my warm channel. Again I lay on my back, staring into the sky, reveling in the animal power of Oliver's thrusting cock. I spied our friends the eagles flying overhead, and I began to imagine Oliver and myself as birds mating in the air as eagles do, unencumbered by the earth, freely floating together in the heavens.

This fantasy was driving me to an orgasm of epic proportions. I felt like I was on a horse I had lost control of; every fiber of my body was in a state of mad revolt. Oliver's dark, heavy body was towering above me, steadily pile-driving into me, pushing me to the edge.

Finally I came again. The wolves in the forest might have mistaken me for a member of the pack, I howled so fiercely. My insides were a complete jumble, my mind was complete mush. Oliver joined me shortly, adding his voice to our baying chorus. I could feel his scorching cock erupt inside me, bathing the walls of my vagina with his semen. He collapsed on top of me and then rolled off, lying beside me, taking my hand in his.

> *"As he pulled off my pants, the blades of grass tickled my bottom. And I began to giggle but stopped when I felt his tongue licking my pussy."*

I couldn't move. I could only lie there and whimper in delight, listening to the chirping birds and rustling leaves. Never had I experienced such a powerful orgasm.

When I had my wits about me I discussed this with Oliver. He admitted that in his days as a park ranger he had frequently partaken of love alfresco, but had sensed that I would be reluctant. He hadn't planned on indoctrinating me on this day, but had seized the moment. Needless to say, any reluctance I may have had vanished on that day. I can't wait until our next hike. Perhaps we will do some serious fucking in the middle of a stream. In any event, my appreciation of the great outdoors has only increased.

Ms. K.K.,
Colorado

IN AND OUT IN AFRICA

"What am I doing?" I said to myself as the plane took off from Kennedy Airport, destination Nairobi. Here I was, a New York City girl, a person who considers communing with nature to be feeding the pigeons, on my way to the African bush country. I looked at my current lover and realized I must be crazy about him, otherwise I wouldn't even have considered accompanying him on this trip.

Paul is a photojournalist, I am a model. We met on a photo shoot. However, photographing fashion models is not Paul's favorite pastime. His burning passion is to take pictures of animals—in *Africa*. On *safari*. In the *wilderness*. By some fluke he talked me, a girl who thinks adventure is a cab ride down the FDR Drive, into accompanying him on safari to the Serengeti game reserve in Tanzania. We would ride around in a jeep, getting close to such animals as rhinos, giraffes and wildebeest. Not only that, we would make camp and sleep in tents. How did he talk me into this?

As we set out in our jeep on the first day, I grabbed hold of the dashboard and said, "Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!"

"There are no tigers in Africa," Paul mockingly rebuked me.

"Great," I replied. "One less thing to be eaten alive by."

As the day wore on, though, I had to admit how exciting it was to watch these animals in their natural habitat. We witnessed a cheetah, probably

the sleekest, sexiest animal there is, chase down and kill an antelope. Normally I would be disgusted by this carniverous behavior, but instead I was thrilled by it. It was so basic, so primitive.

During that day we also saw a pride of lions, a herd of zebras and a shallow lake entirely populated by flamingos. Paul shot several rolls of film, and I had an eye-opening introduction to the animal kingdom as it exists away from the interference of man.

The first night, we set up our good-sized tent and laid out our sleeping bags. We had state-of-the-art camping equipment and mosquito netting, so we were fairly comfortable. Paul was so comfortable that he removed all of his clothing.

"Are you going to sleep nude?" I asked incredulously. "Aren't you worried about scorpions, or snakes, or killer spiders?" Paul silently came to me, and I noticed that his penis was pointing skyward. He started unbuttoning my fashionable Banana Republic khakis. "Uh, Paul, is this a good idea?" I asked.

I should point out that though I like sex a lot—Paul calls me his "hot little firecracker"—I'm used to fucking on a bed with pillows and sheets. I'm used to air-conditioning, bubble baths and pedicures, not rolling around nude where the deer and the antelope play. Nevertheless, I didn't move a muscle to stop Paul disrobing me, and before I knew it my tits were exposed to the warm evening air.

Paul is such an attractive man, with chiseled features, wavy brown hair and a solid, muscular build. He is also the consummate lover, and when his mouth began to suck my breasts, all my inhibitions melted. He then pulled off my boots and began kissing my dainty feet, eventually sucking each toe individually until I was just about ready to scream.

I was now ready for some of his granite-hard cock. I pulled off the rest of my clothes and we collapsed together on the ground, writhing together like a pair of overheated boa constrictors. I reached down and took his huge dick in my tiny hand and began pumping him. He groaned in delight, and then I heard a roar.

"I've never heard you make that noise before," I whispered to him, my hot breath on his ear.

"I didn't," he said. "That was a lion. Sounded pretty close, too."

Normally I would have stopped everything and shrieked in panic. But I was too hot and bothered to stop. Besides, I realized that man is an animal, too, and the urges I was feeling now were no different than those of a lion, a hippo or a gazelle. And so, as Paul entered my dripping cunt, I imagined that we were jungle beasts, and that our tent was surrounded by all the animals, watching us, urging us on with their roars and grunts, pawing the ground in approval.

I was so swept up in my lust that I was able to flip Paul over and straddle him, slamming my burning cunt down on his fleshy spike. For a moment I imagined I was Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, riding a zebra bareback.

I didn't last long in this state, coming almost instantly. Paul shot his seed moments later, but we had hardly begun. Paul licked my cunt voraciously, and I sucked his cock expertly. Orgasms came fast and furious, and we eventually fell into a long, deep sleep.

The next day I felt like a new woman. I awoke as the sun rose, and I sneaked out of the tent and ran around a bit, stark naked. I felt absolutely glorious, feeling the mud squishing between my toes and a warm breeze blowing through my

hair. I felt nature calling, but instead of using our portable commode, I just squatted and did my business in the reeds.

The rest of the trip was great. Every night Paul and I succumbed to our lust, and once, during the day, with the sun beating down on us, we fucked right in the jeep. We were watching a herd of elephants playing in the water and happened to see two frisky pachyderms expressing their affection for each other. The scene excited Paul and me so that he positioned me face-down over the dashboard, pulled down my pants and plowed home. In this way we were able to watch the elephants while we screwed. I had an orgasm so loud that it startled a flock of birds overhead.

I came back to New York a different person. Paul and I are plotting all sorts of variations on the act of love. Our eyes have focused on Central Park. Perhaps we could persuade a bunch of squirrels to watch us.

Ms. J.D.,
New York

SKIING, 'SHROOMING AND SCREWING

Living in the Northwest has caused me to have three passions in my life: skiing, gathering edible mushrooms and making love. I call them my three S's: "skiing, 'shrooming, and screwing." At first the three may seem mutually exclusive, for one can't ski and screw, or mushroom and screw, at the same time. Wrong! Let me tell you what I've found is possible.

It was the spring of '85, and I remember it well. Spring skiing on the local slope was at its full-blown glory, with many men out in shirtsleeves and shorts and women in halters and brief jogging shorts. It was a sight to behold. Since it was so warm, I had taken off my shirt but had left my ski pants on to avoid scraping my ass on the snow.

I was able to get in a lot of runs that day because more people were watching the snow bunnies than were skiing. On one chair ride I was paired with a delicious-looking lady wearing ski boots, mittens, sunglasses and little else but her imagination. On the ride up, she introduced herself as Glenda and asked if I was getting any action. I responded that I had gotten in about ten runs and the snow was great. She shook her head. "I mean sexual action." She laughed when I furrowed my brow. "Look, I'll show you exactly what I mean, handsome. When we get off the chair, we'll be going left. You follow me."

> *"Her bare legs rose from her skis to a well-rounded ass and juicy cunt ringed with auburn hair as the pinkness glistened in the sunlight."*

I followed Glenda past the black diamond signs that indicated we were headed for a run for advanced skiers. "Wait, Glenda, I'm no expert," I said.

"You will be when I get finished," she shouted over her shoulder.

About thirty yards from the slope, she turned off sharply and skied into a copse of dense jack pine. By the time I caught up with her, she had shed her bikini top, dropped her jogging shorts and was bent forward, legs spread, hands gripping her ankles. I couldn't believe my eyes!

"Ready for your first lesson?" she called. I could see two bare legs rising from her skis to a well-rounded ass and juicy cunt ringed with auburn hair. The pinkness of her pussy glistened in the sunlight shining through the trees.

"Ready," I said as I quickly unzipped my ski pants and, with one hand around my hard tool, easily slid into position.

I looked around to make sure we were alone. Seeing no one, I took my time massaging her great breasts with both hands as I stroked rhythmically inside her. She was magnificent, and I hardly noticed the new snow dripping on us from the pines we were under. We came together in a brilliant orchestration of moans.

Glenda wiggled her ass a little, making my prick tingle, and then moved forward as she pulled up her shorts, snapped the bra in place, blew me a kiss and skated to the start of the black diamond slope. I never saw her again. The expert run was far above my ability, and I fell as I tried to ski down it. All the falling could not, however, erase the knowing smile from my face.

Another springtime in early May, a voluptuous friend and I were searching for the delicious chanterelle mushroom. We had found a few early in the day but hadn't seen even a spore in an hour. Lydia was walking ahead of me, and the rise and fall of her gorgeous buttocks had distracted me from looking for 'shrooms anyway. After about fifteen minutes of watching her ass, I ran to catch up with her and grabbed her by both asscheeks.

"Wait a minute," Lydia protested. "What if someone comes along? I don't want to get caught bare-assed naked by some wild-eyed mountain man. And I still want to look for mushrooms."

I unzipped my fly and took my cock in one hand. "You'll be the one that's missing out. Look what you could suck on right now!" Lydia continued along the path.

The farther we walked, the hornier I got. Lydia was still taking detours off the path when she saw what looked like a mushroom, but I had forgotten what a mushroom even looked like, so intent was I on fucking her. Alongside the path, I saw a tree stump large enough to sit on.

"Look, Lydia, beside that stump over there. I think I see a bunch of chanterelles."

"I don't see any mushrooms around here," she said in an annoyed voice.

"I was certain I saw some," I said as I sat on the stump, at the same time taking down my trousers and letting my cock spring forth. She looked down at it and said, "Oh, my goodness!"

In no hurry, I put my hands up under the t-shirt she was wearing and slipped it over her head as she bent to grasp my tool. She wasn't wearing a bra, so only her shorts remained. Once I had them off, I seated her on my ready prick and began a slow rocking.

I put my hands on either side of her rib cage, a thumb covering the redness of each nipple, and began to move her up and down on my cock. When she felt her orgasm beginning, she started to jump up and down on me. We came until we were both gasping for breath.

As I held her and stroked her, we heard voices coming from the path we had just been on. I looked at Lydia and said that all good things must come to an end, but that there were so many mushrooms around, we could come back as often as we wished. She said she thought that was a grand idea.

Mr. E.P.,
Washington

DARING DREAMS OF DANGER AND DOMINANCE

My husband, Ross, is sweet, supportive, caring and trustworthy, and these qualities, together with his easy-going manner and ready smile, are what make life with him so wonderful. He's a lovely man whom I wouldn't trade for all the world.

Still, there are times when I dream of a different Ross, one who, in addition to all his fine qualities, possesses a fierceness of spirit, a sexual presence so electrifying, so hypnotic, as to make me melt on the spot in quivering anticipation of savage, sweat-soaked couplings.

Sometimes I imagine myself a self-assured reporter assigned to do a story on a famous cruise ship. My husband is the captain, so handsome in his crisp white uniform, so eager to assist me. A tour of the tri-ple-tiered ship begins with his quarters. He then shows me the officer's cabins, the pilothouse, the elegant dining rooms, the kitchen and the first-aid station, answering all my questions in a most gentlemanly way. Finally, he takes me below decks to the ship's hold. Looking around, I see heavy metal steps leading down to the engine room. He doesn't want to take me there, but I insist.

The large door clanks open and I step into another world. Immediately an oppressive heat blankets me and I break into a sweat. It is a forbidding place, noisy with the whirring, click-clacking sound of huge, boiler-like tanks spewing steam. The air is heavy with the smell of sweat and oil. Tough-looking men with smudged faces in grease-stained t-shirts and pants surround me, shattering what's left of my cool reserve. Panicky, I turn around, but my captain is gone. I am alone in the bowels of this great ship.

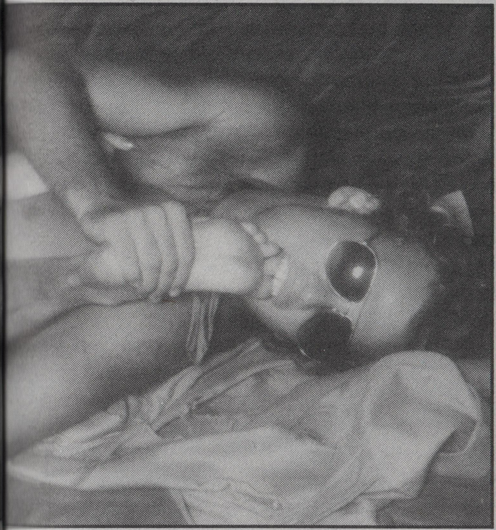
I turn back to the men glaring at me and am shocked to see a familiar

FANTASY OF

face—my husband's. I relax a bit, and try a smile. But he is all business. As the chief engineer, he is in complete control, his authority as absolute down here as is the captain's up above. There is a fierce pride in his stance, a faintly sinister arrogance that fires my passion.

Suddenly weak-kneed, I offer no resistance as he takes me roughly in his arms and kisses me hungrily. With his men looking on, he quickly strips me down to my panties and pushes me to my knees. Raw lust engulfs me as he unzips his filthy pants, and instantly I stuff his throbbing cock into my mouth, sucking on it with whorish delight. Chuckling lewdly, he kneads my breasts with his calloused, grease-stained hands.

I whine when he suddenly pulls his cock from my mouth, but I have no time to mourn my loss as he hauls me to my feet and throws me over his shoulder. He carries me to a space between two of the giant tanks and sets me down on the greasy floor. I revel in the gut-jumbling dir-



THE MONTH

tiness of it all as I wriggle like an eel and watch this grinning macho engineer smear oil all over me, front and back. My pretty white lace panties are greasy as he removes them.

His men gather around menacingly as he now pulls my legs up and back and then rams inside me, wrenching a cry of joy from my throat. There is no finesse here, no care taken, just relentless, pile-driving thrusts that keep my head whipping side to side and joyful moans bursting from my throat. He is like one of his machines, his cock pistoning in my cunt, boring deep into my core. His men, leaning over us, cheer him on, but their words are lost in the now-deafening din of the rattling boilers.

Insane with lust, my body soaked in sweat and grease, I start coming like never before, one mind-numbing orgasm after another, a volcanic eruption of pleasure that scalds my very soul and leaves me limp and quivering there on the engine room floor.

In another fantasy of dominance and danger, I envision myself in a round cage with several lions who, like me, are perched on high stools awaiting the commands of the muscular, whip-wielding lion tamer. It is my husband who is bedecked in the spangled orange and black costume. I am naked, but my face and body have been painted to make me look like a lioness, whiskers and all. It is late at night and the circus tent is dark except for the spotlights illuminating the cage.

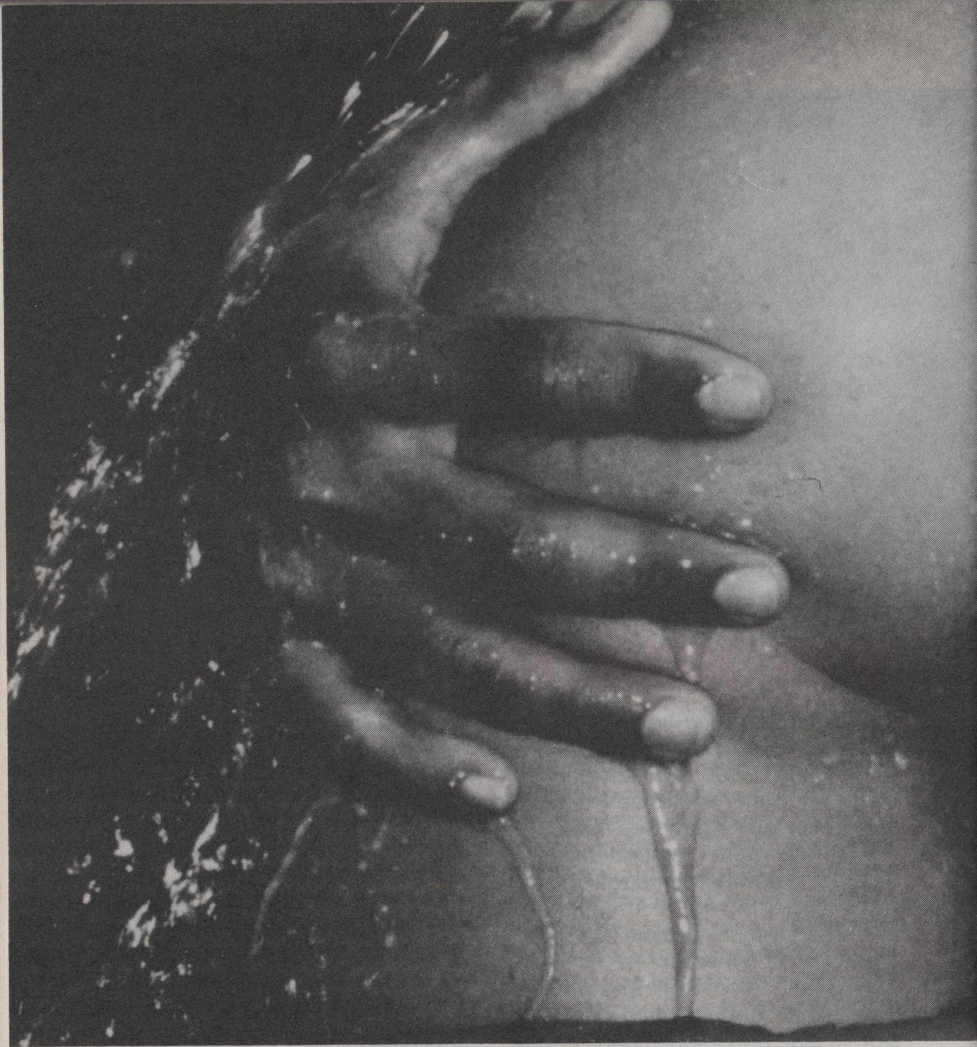
Having put the other big cats through their paces, the lion tamer now directs his attention to me. He cracks his whip on the sawdust floor, alerting me to his presence. He intends to whip this pussy into shape for opening night, but I, proud and defiant, growl at him. He smiles, amused by my show of displeasure, for he knows I am the easiest of his cats to tame, the quickest to obey.

He shows me the whip and immediately I sit up and beg. I hold that position as he walks around me several times and then cracks the whip twice. Suddenly docile, I jump off the stool and walk around the cage on all fours. One crack of the whip and I'm back on the stool again, crouched in readiness. My breasts are tingling and my pussy is pulsing. Eagerly I await the sting of the whip on my upturned ass.

With each blow, a dozen in all, I whine in pain, but when he throws down the whip and steps up behind me I am trembling with desire. It is a hard, fast fuck that I get, one that demonstrates his power over me, and I growl with pleasure as I throw my ass back at him. The feel of his semen spurting into me triggers my orgasm and I howl in ecstasy.

The lion tamer walks around to stand in front of me. I lick his face. I lick the whip. And then, lowering my head, I lick his cock clean.

Ms. D.F., Florida



EROTIC SPANKING

Heated Kisses

"His big hand seemed to cover most of my bottom with each smarting stroke. The exquisite sting seemingly gushed across my tingling rump like a flood."

BY ANGELA WOODRUFF

SEX, TO ME, is a banquet, and all sorts of seasonings make a fine meal succulent. To me, the Tabasco of sex is a red-hot spanking on the bare bottom. I discovered this pleasure with a very special man, and together we're exploring the spicier side of sex.

Doug and I had been dating for a few weeks before things became truly intimate. He is a very refined man who belongs to the buttoned-down, stripe-suited world of high finance. I am the exact opposite. I would rather be nude in the woods than in an office any day.

We met at the nursery where I work, and after selling Doug some overpriced ferns, I asked him out to lunch. We hit it off immediately, and I learned that he was thirty-two years old and, despite his executive demeanor, quick-witted and lots of fun. He was very attractive, lean and tall, with big hands and stunning green eyes. His hair was raven and cut conservatively to meet the standards of the financial elite. Nothing was out of place. His eyes met mine in a natural way, and from the expression on his face,

I could tell he wasn't a lech like so many other men. I liked him immediately.

We made quite a pair, a study in contrasts. I was dressed in jeans and a Grateful Dead t-shirt; my hair was in a thick braid down my back, and I had dirt under my nails from repotting plants all day. Even when I'm not wearing gardeners' boots, I stand only five-feet-two, and I can't seem to get my weight over 105 pounds, even though I eat like a horse! I have been told I look like a combination of Thoreau and Twiggy—thanks loads! I have sandy blonde hair and brown eyes and I don't wear makeup.

TIME just disappeared. If Doug hadn't looked at his watch, I never would have made it back to work. I accepted his date for dinner that night on the condition that I could make it for him at my place. He accepted and we made merry over homemade lasagna and a bottle of red wine. I would have made love to him that first night, but somehow we both wanted to prolong the "courtship." We held hands and watched the wax run down the candles and gazed into each other's eyes. When he left that night, I felt that our time had been even more intimate than if we had made love. I actually began to feel light-headed in that delicious way that spells new love.

I was in a dream for the rest of the week. We saw each other every night and only kissed and held each other close. I was more than ready to sleep with Doug, but he told me that being with me was bliss and that by not having sex right away, he'd know more about me when the time came. I wasn't really sure what he meant, but it didn't matter. I just loved his company. Then a very special thing happened.

I had arranged to meet Doug at my favorite bookstore, which is near his office in the financial district. We were going to "do lunch," and I had taken the day off. I arrived early, so I began to thumb through some fiction and came to an erotic trilogy by Anne Rice, which she'd written under one of those pseudonyms of hers. A friend had tipped me off about this, for Anne Rice is one of my favorite "straight" authors. The first novel in this trilogy was called *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, and her pseudonym was A.N. Roquelaure. I began thumbing through the story and realized that it was mostly stylized S&M, with an emphasis on spanking. The passages were very visual and her descriptive powers excellent. I found myself getting excited. I bought the book and began to read it out in front of the store.

I lost all track of time, caught up as I was in the erotic passages, and when I looked up, I saw Doug watching me intently. I blushed and put the book in my bag and asked him how long he had been watching me. He just smiled and said, "A few minutes. I see you've discovered Anne Rice's alter ego. I have the whole trilogy." He smiled beautifully. I felt deliciously wicked. The discovery, the mutual attraction, the images of Beauty's bottom being spanked soundly—all combined with the lust I felt for Doug. I was suddenly very aware of my tight jeans, and feeling the denim stretched over my naked bottom excited me. I wasn't wearing panties, and the material was smooth from countless washings. I reached back and ran my hands over my back pockets.

"So, what do you feel like doing for lunch?" I asked, knowing I was blushing like a schoolgirl.

"How about something spicy?" Doug said as he wrapped his arm around me. His touch sent an electric current through me. I felt his hand move from the small of my back to my bottom. He just gave me a little love pat, but it made my cheeks feel warm and tingly. He whistled down a cab, and ten minutes later we were in my apartment.

"Don't take your pants off; let me do it," he said.

I just stood there, horny as hell, frozen in my tracks. Doug looked at me

with a hunger that thrilled me. He embraced me, scooping me up in his arms. I felt his tongue swirl over mine, and I closed my eyes and let the full rush of desire sweep through me. We kissed hungrily, and I wrapped my legs around him. He cupped my bottom in his big hands and nibbled through my blouse at my hard nipples.

"You excite me beyond description," he said huskily, and I cooed in his ear. I felt his hands squeeze my asscheeks firmly, and I bit down on his neck. His skin was smooth; he had a fresh, clean, manly smell and he tasted like desire.

"I'm yours," I said, my voice barely audible.

Doug tossed me over his shoulder and carried me to the dining room. I felt a wonderful sex-drenched vertigo, my head hanging over his back, my ass high on his shoulder. It felt absolutely primeval—my heart galloped in my chest. I felt the heat emanating from my loins, and I wanted Doug to play hard. He pulled a chair from the table and set it in the middle of the room. Sitting down, he flipped me off his shoulder and across his knees in one motion. His intent was clear, and it sent an erotic current like a bolt of lightning straight through me. I ground my pelvis against his lap and felt his erection straining in his wool pants.

"Do you know what's going to happen, Angela?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said, my voice choked with desire.

"Then say it, please," he said.

"You're going to spank me," I said, my voice barely a whisper.

"Good girl," he answered. "Do you know where?"

"On my bare bottom," I said thickly, my eyes clenched tight.

"Yes, on your lovely bare bottom."

I felt Doug slide his hands under me, and he popped the buttons on my jeans. He skinned them down until they were past my thighs, effectively binding my legs. I felt the cool air wash over my naked flesh. He hooked a finger in be-

tween my bumcheeks and burrowed down to my rose hole. I moaned like an animal and twisted on his lap. I felt one of his hands on my ass and the other on the small of my back. My head hung down and my feet barely touched on the other side. I clenched and relaxed my asscheeks instinctively, and a little whine came from my mouth, a whine of desire and dread, of swirling, contradictory emotions. And then the first swat landed.

His hand rose and fell quickly and heavily as I yelped and arched my back, only to be rewarded with three more smacks in rapid succession. His big hand seemed to cover most of my bottom with each strike. I squealed as the sting seemed to sweep across my bottom like a flood. The heat was so intense! I wriggled on his lap as Doug began to spank me with slow, even swats, and the sound of his cupped palm spanking my bare bottom filled the room. I squealed, twisting madly across his knees, but to no avail. He held me firmly over his lap and I bucked and gyrated in desire and protest. I had never been spanked before, and it was humiliating and delightful, punishing and liberating all in one.

AGAIN AND AGAIN his hand rose and fell, raining blow after blow on my scorched behind. I bumped and rubbed against the coarse wool of his pants, my sex kissing the material hungrily—my clitoris erect with desire. I cried out at every spank until I felt that marvelous breaking point; delicious contractions shook me from within, and I sobbed in a flood of release. He had spanked me to orgasm.

Doug felt me shake on his lap and he eased up with his spanking hand until he was just patting and rubbing my tender bottom. I hung my head and sobbed. Slowly he took me from his lap and carried me to the bedroom. I didn't have to show him the way.

Doug undressed me slowly; I was completely drained. I could see the outline of his penis straining in his pants. My flesh was hot and tender, and I let him roll me on my stomach when I was naked. He began to kiss and lick my spanked ass, and my toes curled with pleasure when he parted my cheeks and let his tongue dart up and down the crease, thrilling me with his slow expertise. "Please fuck me," I said, my voice heavy with passion.

"With pleasure, my love," he said.

Doug took my legs in his hands and propped a pillow under my red behind. He was out of his clothes in a flash, and I wrapped my legs around his hips as I felt the tip of his penis begin its journey inside me. Doug took me gently, with slow, even movements. He made me feel so full, so complete. I held him with my legs and he cradled me in his arms.

Doug lifted me from the bed and sat back on his haunches, impaling me on his stiff penis. My legs were wrapped around his back and he began to rock me back and forth, my tender cheeks cupped in his big hands. Forward and back, he cradled me and filled me with his big cock—a splendid carousel ride. I felt those contractions begin again, only this time they were combined with the pulsating action of my lover's cock. He groaned like an animal, and the veins stood out on his brow as he came. We slowly disengaged and just held each other close, drained and content.

Doug changed my entire sexual orientation that afternoon. Something very unusual yet very exciting had happened, and I wanted to tap that electrifying sexuality again and again. We decided to make a real game out of sex. We went out of our way to meet and have intense, vital, sexual encounters. Lunchtime sex became a wonderful ritual for us, and I did all I could to turn Doug on.

I had never really dressed to titillate before, but now I had a reason. I began to wear even tighter jeans and bought some snugly tailored wool skirts. Doug, I had found out, was a skirt freak, and the act of pulling up my skirt while I lay

across his knees excited him to a frenzy. He was obsessed with my ass, and I bought a whole array of panties of different materials and colors for him to feel and skin down. He went absolutely wild for them.

Once we arranged to meet at his office after banking hours. He had access to private meeting rooms, and with me in my best wool skirt, charcoal gray, and prim blouse with its conservative bow, I looked like his personal secretary. Security was used to Doug working all sorts of strange hours, so after a basic clearance we practically had the run of the entire wing. He led me to a special meeting room equipped with a computer, printer and video screen. The room could be locked for security and sound. You should have seen his face the first time he locked the door behind us. He looked at me intently, so intently that I found myself having to look at the floor. His demeanor was like that of a corporate head, and mine melted to one of erotic submission. The game was on!

"NOW, ANGELA, it's time we had a little chat. Put that chair in the center of the room."

His tone was curt, and I jumped to obey. I was already hot; I squeezed my thighs together as I walked on the plush carpet. The chair was made of heavy cherry wood upholstered in hunter-green leather. The room was insufferably professional and heightened the humiliation I felt. Doug walked over to the chair as I waited beside it, eyes downcast, heart racing. He sat down easily and looked at me evenly. His head was almost level with mine, even though he was seated. We began that inevitable dialogue, like a catechism, that both thrilled and terrified me:

"Do you know what's going to happen, Angela?"

"I'm going to get a spanking."

"Do you know where? Saying, "On my bare bottom," made my cheeks blaze and my cunt itchy up inside me but he just smiled and pointed to his lap.

Doug eased me over his lap and adjusted me so that my bottom was at the ideal angle to receive his hand. Only then did my skirt start its journey upward. I was wearing pink satin pants and a matching garter belt. As Doug lifted my skirt, I heard his breathing grow heavy. The panties were tight on me, and they rode up the cheeks of my ass a little. Doug began to run his hand over my bottom; the smooth satin grew warm at his touch. Doug had my hands folded across the small of my back, and my head hung down. I hadn't done my hair in a braid, so it fell freely to the floor.

The first spank landed squarely in the center of my panties. It made a loud popping noise and took my breath away. He began to spank me fast and hard, and the heat was scorching through the material. I wriggled about on his lap and kicked my legs, but he kept on. I knew this was going to be an intense session, as he hadn't even peeled down my panties yet. When he finally bared my bottom, I'm sure it was brighter pink than the panties themselves. Doug didn't even give me a chance to beg before the sound of brisk spanks and tearful cries filled the room. He really set my buns ablaze. I had tears streaming down my face, new makeup and all! But my pussy was twice as hot as my ass.

Doug took me right on the floor. The carpet was plush and a lovely bittersweet color. We rolled around in our fancy clothes, kissing and licking every crevice of each other's body. I rode his cock as he lay on his back, whipping my hair around in uninhibited bliss. It didn't take long before we both collapsed, breathless. The carpet felt prickly against my stinging bottom, but Doug told me to leave my panties off so he could keep them in his pocket. We straightened up and tried not to laugh on the way out. We had an elevator to ourselves, and Doug kept lifting my skirt and massaging my red behind. We made love again as soon as we got back to my place. Only this time gently and slowly.

Doug and I have been involved now for almost a year, and our sexuality has never flagged. While he doesn't always spank me, we're never at a loss of excitement. We trust each other implicitly, and that's the real foundation of our intimacy. Spanking has served as a catalyst for our sexual experimentation. It has inspired us to pursue endless rounds of pleasure, and it will always serve as a spicy main course on our sexual menu.

EROTIC LETTERS

HUSBAND-SPANKING— WHY, WHEN, WHERE AND HOW-TO

If fifteen years ago someone had told me that I would be writing to an adult magazine, I would have told them they were crazy. However, I now feel that my experience over these past years in "husband-spanking" will be informative and, perhaps, of assistance to those wives who have spouses that enjoy having their bottoms warmed. Spanking my husband saved my marriage.

As we got older, Otto and I began to drift apart. I loved my husband very much, but there just didn't seem to be that bond to keep us together. It was at this time that I accidentally stumbled across several sexually oriented magazines my husband had hidden under the bed. These magazines showed men and women in various explicit poses of female domination, with the men being spanked by paddles, riding crops, etc. I had never seen anything like it before.

I concluded that I really didn't know the man I had been married to for twenty-two years, although I felt that

our sexual relationship had been quite normal and satisfying. I didn't say anything right away—instead I did some research at an adult bookstore. I learned that there are a multitude of men who enjoy or fantasize about being dominated and spanked by a woman.

What I also discovered is that the majority of these men are aggressive businessmen and professionals who shoulder a lot of responsibility and are quite successful. They are under a great deal of stress in their work. Experiencing female domination in their sexual relationships is a tremendous stress release for them. They are totally relieved of the responsibility for decisions and only have to follow "orders."

Well, although I entered into it with a great deal of trepidation (in the first year, I often made a strong martini before we had a discipline session so as to be somewhat relaxed in the dominant role), it was the best thing that ever happened to us. Oh, we still fight, but our love has grown very strong and we have a deeper anticipation and understanding of each other. We have developed a deep intimacy and are more giving and affectionate with each other. We are happier than we have ever been before.

What I would like to share with your female readers now is how to have a successful "discipline/slave session." Instead of having them stumble through by trial and error, sometimes disastrously, I want to share with them the knowledge I've gained over these past years.

First of all, a word about erotica. If you are unimaginative, like me, it is an excellent source of ideas for scenarios, language to use in your lovemaking, mood setting, etc. It obviously turns your husband on, and I would recommend reading together in bed. In fact, "order" your husband to buy a sexually explicit magazine for you. Believe me, he'll love to do it and will find it exciting to be ordered to do it.

If you have a VCR, order him to buy you a spanking tape. Watch it together. They didn't have them when I started, but I've seen several lately and they are a great idea source. However, you must undertand that a lot of what you see in magazines and films is exaggerated and merely playacting for purposes of stimulation. But they are great slave-session warm-ups and I strongly encourage you to buy some.

I love my husband very much and will not do anything that has the potential to permanently injure him, so I've developed certain rules I won't deviate from. My favorite discipline implements are the dependable hairbrush and wooden kitchen spoon. I also use a wooden paddle, a leather belt, a switch and a riding crop. All of these items do a fine job without the danger of permanent injury. Remember, never strike your man's balls or penis with force. It is all right to tap them with your brush, crop, etc., as this will really get him excited.

I never strike Otto on any part of his body but his bottom and the backs of his legs just below his cheeks. For effect I will threaten to beat his prick and balls, but in actuality I will only slap him there. And I never hit him in the face except to lightly slap his cheeks. But a man's bottom is made for spanking. It is two rounded muscles which are strictly body padding. You can't hurt him there no matter how hard a spanking you give him. During a session I will make sure I redden every square inch of my husband's bottom, from just below where his cheeks join his legs to where his ass crack ends below his waist.

Over the course of a session, Otto

will receive from two to three hundred strokes on his bottom and fifty or more on the tender skin in the crevice of his ass. When it comes to spanking the area in the crack of his ass; I order him to reach back and pull his cheeks apart as far as he can, and then I use my spoon to fire up his anal canal. You will notice that even if you bring his bottom to a deep cherry-red color, it all disappears within half an hour or so. Occasionally you will raise welts, but they will disappear in a day or two. The soreness of a sound spanking will disappear in a day to a day and a half. So have at him and spank as hard and as often as you want.

With respect to dress, I always require my husband to be completely naked except for a dog collar I make him wear. He loves it—it is symbolic of his complete submission to me and just kind of releases him from his normal male role. I ordered him to purchase it from a sex boutique. On the other hand, I am never completely naked. Only slaves are completely naked. Sometimes I remain dressed from head to foot.

Restraints are also important. Of course I have a leash to "walk" Otto around the house or to force his head down when appropriate. I stay away from rope as it is difficult to work with, knots difficult to untie, etc. Instead, I told him to go to the store and buy a variety of dog and cat collars in different sizes. These are easy to buckle and unbuckle and can be used to bind his wrists, legs and ankles, and, of course, as a collar around his balls and cock. In fact, I have him buy a lot of the items for our discipline "tack box"—he gets a great deal of excitement out of buying things he knows will be used on him. Of course, I still surprise him occasionally with an item or two of my own.

Now I would like to talk about a critical aspect of husband-spanking and slave sessions—mood setting. This is a special time and very important to your husband. Unplug the phone, pull the drapes and enter your private world undisturbed. Lay out all your items ahead of time so you don't have to search for them. Begin by reading some erotica together and then tell him the time has come to be punished. Or leave him a note beforehand telling him when and how to report for his discipline. Any number of scenarios can be used. In fact, have him tell you about some of his fantasy scenes or write you a letter about it.

In any case, I always give my husband great pleasure by soundly tanning his buns and being "no-nonsense" about it. I am always stern, demanding and sometimes very angry. I command, I don't ask. I take the attitude that he will do exactly as I tell him and he better do it quick. He loves it.

I also use sex talk. Don't be afraid to use the words "fuck," "asshole," "cock," "cunt," "pussy," etc. These words are not part of my everyday vocabulary, but they are a terrific turn-on in the bedroom. In fact, I got my husband to clean up his language by agreeing to use these words if he stopped cursing. Now these words are used only in the bedroom. Refer to him as an "asshole-licker," a "foot slave," "a little pussy-eater," etc. Verbally humiliate him—he'll be forever grateful. Add one word or phrase a session until you are comfortable with it. Eventually you'll have an extensive sexual vocabulary.

With respect to spanking positions, I favor the old-fashioned across-the-lap position. For variety, I will sometimes order Otto to spread his legs and bend over my kitchen stool, the back of one of our chairs, our brass quilt rack, or across our hassock. Or I will tell him to assume

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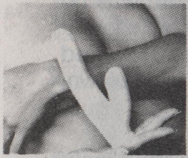

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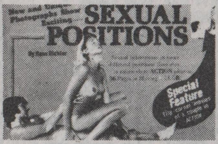

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a knee-chest position on the edge of the bed or put him on his back with his legs over his head.

A vital part of all our sessions is his required oral attention to my feet, pussy and ass. At first I was very uptight about this. I have since learned to relax and now thoroughly enjoy the stimulating licking, sucking and stroking of his tongue. I always get in a comfortable position for the ministrations of his mouth and am very demanding about him satisfying me completely.

Once in a while I tell my husband when he leaves for work that he better eat a big lunch because the only thing he'll eat that night is me. He then serves me in the dining room. I am fully dressed but don't have any panties on. He must get under the table and under my skirt. He eats my pussy while I eat my dinner. It is terrific, and he gets so excited that several times he has come while under my skirt.

Before I spanked my husband, I couldn't get him to do any work in the yard or around the house. Now I make domestic chores part of his slave tasks and he does them joyfully. He now cleans the toilets and the bathroom floor. I make him do it naked, wearing only his slave collar. I check on him every five to ten minutes and give him a stroke or two with my strap or switch.

As you can see, husband-spanking has opened new vistas of sexual enjoyment for me and my husband. It is easy to do and by following my suggestions, your discipline sessions can be safe and successful. It has certainly enhanced our marriage and made our bond very strong. I hope that you will benefit from my experience, enthusiastically spank your husband's bottom, and enjoy all of the benefits that follow.

Ms. L.G.,
Texas

MISS RICH BITCH LEARNS A LESSON IN MANNERS

I was impressed, I admit it. The eighteen-room Colonial in one of Long Island's swankiest communities came complete with tennis courts, a swimming pool, a lush green lawn and beautifully landscaped gardens watched over by a dozen or so water-spouting cherubs. As there was no more room in the driveway where it curved in front of the house, I parked my seven-year-old Buick on the lawn, between a fire-engine-red Jaguar and a Mercedes convertible.

The butler, a distinguished-looking Englishman in his fifties, answered the door chimes in what seemed to me record time, as if he'd been eagerly awaiting my arrival. He looked me up and down, wondering perhaps if I were man enough for the job I'd been hired to do.

"You're six minutes late," he said, obviously peeved. I gave a little shrug and a smile. "Well, come on in. The revellers are all out back. At least I think they are. There might be some upstairs. . .in the bedrooms."

"Have they all arrived?" I asked, looking past Jeeves into the giant living room and then up at the glittering chandelier.

The butler sighed. "I don't know, I think so. But one of them swiped the guest list, so. . . ."

Assuring the butler that everything would be all right, I walked through the house and out into the bright summer sun. Almost immediately I wondered if I'd bitten off more then I could chew. The rich kids were everywhere, splashing in the pool, lolling on the lawn, dancing to noise being produced electronically by four reed-thin, mop-haired youths gyrating on a small wooden stage near the pool. I just knew that I was dealing with kids named Chad and Brendan and Muffy and Cornelia.

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And I knew I had my hands full.

As I took in this madness, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to see a slinky, blue-eyed blonde in a bikini so skimpy as to be obscene. Frank's daughter was smiling cockily. "You're the dick, right? I just know it."

"I'm a private investigator," I corrected, "here on your father's behalf to insure the safety of you and your friends."

"Ha! What a crock. Daddy hired you to be sure we don't wreck his precious house. And he doesn't want us to drink too much and no grass and we shouldn't be loud and so on and so forth. What a big bummer."

"Your father and I are old friends, Priscilla. When he had to fly to Europe on business, he asked me to stop by and—"

"Old friends is right. God, you've got to be forty, at least." She gave my cheek a little pat. "Well, don't worry, Gramps. My friends and I won't cause you any trouble. Well, maybe just a little. See ya." And with that she pranced off. At the edge of the pool she turned and gave me the finger before plunging into the water.

Steaming, I headed to the bar that had been set up at poolside and ordered a soft drink. What that brat needed was an old-fashioned spanking. Spoiled rotten like her friends, she figured that her wealth, or rather her daddy's wealth, entitled her to treat everybody like dirt. When showing me her photograph, Frank had told me she was twenty-two. What he hadn't told me was that she behaved like a twelve year old.

"A man's bottom is two rounded muscles which are strictly body padding and made for spanking. I redden every inch of my husband's ass."

Half an hour later I was leaning against one of the cherubs, enjoying a smoke, when a sun-bronzed dude in his twenties came up to me. "Pris tells me you're a cop. Can you fix a ticket for me?" When I told him no, he said, "Shit, then what good are you, man?"

As the afternoon wore on, I grew more and more annoyed with these pampered, overprotected brats, especially Priscilla, who took obvious delight in flaunting her charms. Every chance she got, she mocked my presence at her party or made some smart-assed remark about me personally. Finally, after one particularly insulting crack, I told her that what she needed was a good spanking.

"I've never been spanked in my life," she said. "Don't you think I'm a little old for that nonsense?" She was standing before me, dripping wet, what little there was to her bikini clinging to her ripe curves. Then her tone changed, and with a grin she said, "All right, you can spank me—but first you have to catch me." And with that she was off, scampering around me and darting past the pool out onto the large lawn.

Without thinking, I took off after her, chasing the saucy nymphette through the gardens, around the cherubs and all around the pool. I knew I looked like an idiot running around like that, but I didn't care. I had but one goal, and that was to catch Priscilla and give her the spanking of her life.

She ran into the house with me in hot pursuit. Then, as she started up

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the winding staircase, she tripped. She got up quickly, but not before I had grabbed hold of her bikini bottom, preventing her from advancing up the stairs. "Let me go!" she cried out, struggling to pull away.

"Not on your life, sweetheart," I barked. I spun her around, tossed her over my shoulder and then carried her up the stairs. "Put me down this instant!" she yelled, beating my back with her fists.

With almost frightening single-mindedness, I took her into one of the bedrooms and sat on the large bed. A moment later Priscilla was draped across my knees, arms and legs flailing as she tried twisting and kicking herself free. But I had her just where I wanted her, and nothing, I mean nothing at all, was going to save her from me now.

I raised my right hand and brought it crashing down on her saucy bottom. She yelped and continued fighting me. I smacked her again, and again, holding her more or less in place with my left had planted in the small of her back. "Damn you!" she screamed. "How dare you? Ouch! Don't do it again. Don't you—owww!"

I continued spanking Priscilla as she alternately begged me to stop and threatened me with all sorts of consequences if I didn't. The feel of my hand on her full, firm fanny and the sound it made when it cracked against the still damp material of her bikini bottoms thrilled me to the nth degree, and I felt my cock stiffening under her. She felt it too and immediately called me a dirty old man.

"I draped her across my knees, raised my right hand and brought it down on her saucy bottom until I felt my cock stiffening beneath me."

Then, all of a sudden, or so it seemed, she stopped complaining and her body went limp across my knees. She was sobbing softly now, tears running down her cheeks, but she made no move to escape when, using both hands, I pulled down her bikini to expose her luscious bottom. "Twenty-two on your bare ass," I said. "One for each year of your pampered life."

I resumed the spanking, slapping one firm cheek and then the other, alternating between them. They were red now, warm to the touch and quivering nicely each time they were hit. I savored the sight as my cock, fully erect now, pulsed against her hot thighs right through my slacks. Priscilla was still whimpering, but now, to my total surprise, she was pushing her ass up to greet my spanking hand, inviting the inevitable blow to her already glowing, burning behind.

I picked up the pace, giving her the last six spanks in rapid succession and adding one more for good measure right in the center of her flaming ass. She remained limp across my knees for a good thirty seconds and then slowly pushed herself up to stand teary-eyed before me. Her face was flushed and her cheeks tear-stained, and her bikini bottoms, which she didn't bother to pull up, remained banded about her thighs just below her golden-haired pussy. The picture she presented was one of overwhelming sexiness, and I ached to fuck her.

"No one ever did that to me before," Priscilla said in a tiny voice. "It

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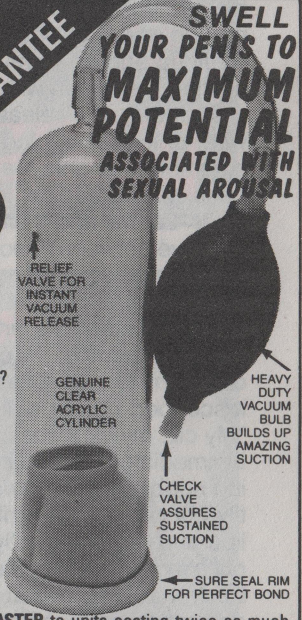

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was so. . .exciting. So unbelievable."

"I want to fuck you," I said flat out, the words coming unbidden from my lips.

"I want you to fuck me," Priscilla said. "The spanking made me so fuckin' hot."

I got out of my clothes in record time and then, sitting back down on the bed, watched the now naked Priscilla drop to her knees and take my throbbing erection in her mouth. She sucked on it hungrily, taking all but an inch or so of the shaft in her mouth and down her pretty throat. I ran my fingers through her long blonde hair as her head bobbed in my lap, the feel of her lips sliding wetly up and down my cock all but making me swoon with pleasure.

Suddenly she released my cock with a lewd popping sound and scrambled up onto the bed. On her back, she spread her legs wide and said, "Eat me and then fuck me."

I dove between Priscilla's legs like a man possessed, breathing in the intoxicating fresh scent of her golden pussy as I spread apart her love lips with my thumbs. I licked up and down, my tongue a fleshy shovel as it scooped up her delicious nectar. "My clit, my clit," she cried out, and I immediately zeroed in on the inviting nubbin of flesh, swabbing it lustily, punching it, taking it between my lips and tugging gently. Priscilla let out a moan and lifted her hips off the bed, mashing her steamy pussy against my face as I ate her.

Finally, with my cock so hard and ready that it hurt, I pulled my face away from her heavenly hole and mounted her. An animal-like moan of approval burst from her throat as my raging cock slid balls-deep inside her warm wetness. Then she wrapped her arms and legs around me and held on for dear life as I commenced fucking her, stroking rapidly, driving deep with each telling thrust. "Do it, do it, do it," she chanted, pulling my hair now while the fingers of her other hand dug deep into my back.

Her thighs were smooth and supple and she wrapped them around my hips and seemingly begged for me to take her. My cock slid into her wet cunt. She was so deep, her feminine flesh, the walls of her cunt, so hot, and she accepted my swollen manhood with zealous writhing as her body arched and sweat beads formed across her her sensual lips and brow.

Thrusting my pulsing erection into her sopping sexual cavern, I could feel deep in my loins the stirring of a tremendous climax, like a tornado gathering power before unleashing its wrath. I could feel my ass cheeks tense, my thighs quiver, and my heart pounded rapidly as I plunged quicker, deeper, pleasuring sweet Priscilla with my every lunge.

"Yes," she moaned. "Fuck me, fuck me! Make me come!"

I wanted more than anything to stay inside her, to lose myself in the velvety tightness of her adorable pussy, but it was a fool's wish. Too soon I was coming, grunting like a savage as I spilled my seed inside her. Priscilla moaned and came too, biting down on my shoulder as pleasure consumed her.

And then I was flat on my back next to her, both of us gasping as we tried to bring our breathing under control. Finally Priscilla turned to me and said, "You were right after all."

"I was?"

She smiled. "Yeah. I did need a good spanking."

Reaching over, I captured one of her cute breasts and squeezed it. "It's just that experience has taught us old folks how best to handle certain situations," I said.

Mr. K.D.,
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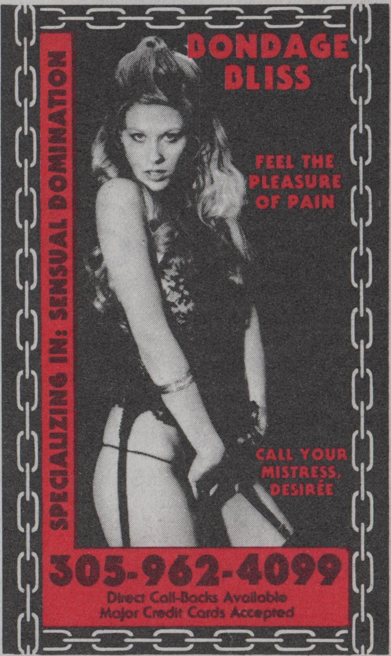

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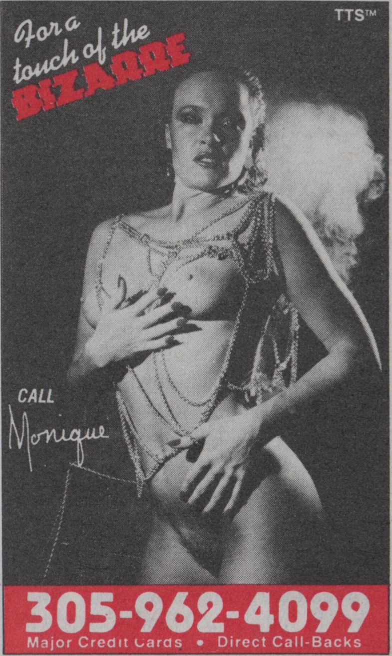


Sweet Passage

Inspired by the idea of being penetrated anally, a hot-blooded Italian woman sets about convincing her sweet, old-fashioned husband that her cushiony seat is his for the taking

BY MARIA D'ANTANUCCI

TONY is an old-fashioned kind of guy. He's not a chauvinist, but he's been brought up to be respectful of other people, and that includes women. It's part of what I love about him and part of what makes him such a gentle and patient lover. So when I became fascinated with trying anal sex, I knew I would probably have to go about it rather slowly.

Mediterranean lover that he is, I knew Tony appreciated my ass. He often gave it loving pats and occasionally a little pinch, but I knew if I came right out and asked my dear sweet husband to fuck me there, he'd be more than a little shocked.

Even the first night we went "all the way" in Tony's car, I kind of caught him by surprise. Tony is so very Italian, having a woman make the first move may have shocked him a bit. But being headstrong and very turned on got me rolling and I just couldn't stop. I was determined to make it clear to him that this was to be the night.

I removed my blouse and bra and let my breasts fall freely. Tony nuzzled and kissed them, sucking sweetly at a nipple. His slight beard scratched and tickled, sending shivers of excitement through me. As he worked my breast with his tongue and teeth, he massaged the other with his large, firm hand. Meanwhile, I reached down and squeezed his muscular thighs, savoring the heat I could feel emanating from his crotch. I rubbed his legs, occasionally grazing the bulge between his legs. His jeans looked like they were about to

burst. I grabbed his dick, still amazed at his girth. I attempted to unzip his jeans but the cramped quarters of the car made it next to impossible.

"You're sure about this?"

I replied by kissing him, first quickly and meaningfully on the lips and then leaning over and planting my mouth on his cloth-covered cock. He responded by disengaging himself and opening up the back seat so we could have more room. I removed my pants and got in the now open hatch. Tony crawled in beside me and tugged off his jeans and underwear.

In the moonlight his manhood stood out from the dark tangle of pubic hair and took my breath away. My panties were already soaked, my nipples still tingling from Tony's mouth.

WE LOCKED ARMS and lay back in a passionate embrace. His erection rubbed against me, and I pushed myself closer, trying to make the two of us into one. Tony's hands roamed my body, kneading my flesh. Working slowly, he dissolved the tension in my shoulders, then worked his way down to my hips. I rolled onto my back as the power of his hands took over. He continued massaging me up and down, each time passing closer and closer to the aching need between my legs. He licked a trail between my breasts down my belly, stopping at the waistband of my panties. I nearly caved in. His head rested on the firm flesh of my flat tummy as his hands slid my panties over my eager thighs. I could hear his breath stop short as he caught sight of my labia. Feeling proud and pouty, I spread my legs wider to give him a better view.

He put his hand directly over my pussy and just let it lie there for a minute. Then he began a circular movement. I was so wet that his probing middle finger slid easily between my lips until it found a comfortable resting place all the way inside me. He then worked another finger inside, rubbing my clitoris in the process. My startled reaction made him focus his attention on my clit. He rubbed and squeezed it gently while working his hand in and out, swirling his finger slightly at the same time.

I EXPLODED! I threw my head back, banging it on the leather seat cover, bit my lip and heard my feet kick the car door as I came with a man for the first time. My pelvis arched and Tony reached underneath me and held my ass with his other hand to support me. He squeezed my ass. As the waves subsided, I felt that wonderful strong hand on the softness of my cheeks. I squirmed a bit and wiggled against it, feeling protected and a little bit overwhelmed.

Though he was big, Tony had no trouble entering me that first time. I was so relaxed and so incredibly turned on, I just spread my legs and watched as he knelt above me and then slowly lowered himself inside me. He pushed my knees back to allow himself better access and very deliberately inched his demanding cock all the way up my cunt.

His patience had paid off; I was more than ready to receive him as he began his loving strokes. I pushed forward to meet his lunges until he pulled almost all the way out and rammed back in with force. His thrusts filled me with maleness until I had a succession of mini-orgasms. He pulled my ass up a little further, bringing us even closer as he pumped faster and faster. I could feel his hands digging into my asscheeks as his cock seemed to enlarge even more inside my overwhelmed pussy.

Then he shot, pouring his hot semen into me, filling me up until it overflowed. The hot, sticky liquid didn't stop coming until there was a puddle of sex and sweat beneath us.

We lay back with Tony still inside me and listened to the sounds of the night. Silent, we savored the warmth of our bodies. Not wanting to disturb the magic

of the moment, I covered his face with gentle kisses as he petted my quivering flesh and lovingly ran his fingers through my hair. The slightest movement became a new language of love between us, and my mind wandered between serenity and curiosity about the lovemaking ahead. As our sexual high subsided, I rested my head on Tony's muscular chest and listened to the tender sound of his restless heart. I was so in love.

Needless to say, we were married, and the past five years have seen us grow closer and more comfortable with each other. At some point, though, I became aware that in our lovemaking, a routine had set in, and I wanted to try to spark things up a bit.

I was taking an aerobics class two evenings a week and had gotten friendly with a few of the women in the class. We talked openly about our marriages, and they admitted that they had taken the class not only to get in shape, but to heat up their husbands' interest in them. One night Carol revealed that not only was her plan working, but her husband was making new demands of her that she wasn't sure she could meet.

"As I get firmer, so does he, and particularly about my bottom," she said. We laughed, but the seed was planted in my mind, and suddenly I knew what I wanted.

I began wearing tight jeans which would show off my ass, and I bent over a lot, hoping to catch Tony's eye. I even went to him one night while he was watching television and sat in his lap, grinding my bottom into his groin until his attention was no longer on the show. Instead he picked me up and carried me to the bedroom.

A week later I tried another approach. I returned from aerobics class wearing my lycra tights and top. I complained to Tony that I must have pulled something in my lower back and asked him if he would help me work it out. He had me lie down on the floor on my stomach. I did this and arched my ass slightly so it would get in the way.

Tony removed my top and pulled my tights down over my ass and straddled one thigh. He covered my back with oil and began giving me a thorough going-over. It certainly relaxed me and made me very hot. I kept directing him to massage me lower and lower. When his hands were at the very bottom of the small of my back, I pushed my ass up until it was smack on target. I could feel his prick stir slightly inside his sweatpants. "Are you crazy?" he asked, obviously interested.

"Maybe." I rubbed my tush back and forth across his crotch and he applied pressure by settling down lower on his knees. His cock was hard now, and I could feel its length stretching across the crack of my ass. It turned me on incredibly. Tony stood up and removed his clothes, his eyes fixed on my bottom.

He knelt down, pulled my tights off and resumed his massage, this time working the cheeks and crack of my ass. He teased my asshole, gently running his fingers over it, his prick slapping against the insides of my legs as he worked me over.

Slowly, cautiously, he slipped a finger inside my pussy and swirled it around, sending shivers of pleasure through me. He covered his hands with oil, and as he worked a fingertip inside my asshole, I came! The combination of this new sensation and his other fingers waving across my clitoris drove me wild.

I was so tight, he could only manage to get a little bit of one finger inside me, but he continued to knead the flesh of my cheeks and told me to relax. Before I knew it, he had managed to get half his finger up me and was easing in and out. It was still slightly uncomfortable but not at all unpleasant. He kept the rhythm steady and my sphincter relaxed even more.

Soon he had two fingers inching into my rear passage as his other hand again pushed into my pussy. My cunt was churning. My muscles relaxed as I felt Tony's huge sausage positioned over my ass. He took out his fingers and put the tip of his penis at my throbbing rosebud. The bulbous head was thicker than his fingers, but he firmly nudged it in without a moment's hesitation.

IT WAS BREATHTAKING. Tony's prick was just peeking inside my rectum, and already I felt as if I would burst. He barely moved it forward and I let out a quick, plaintive cry. Knowing the size of his tool only too well, I was afraid I had bargained for a little more than I could handle. But it was too late to turn back now.

The pressure was incredible as he slowly but surely inched his way inside my ass. I clenched my teeth and grabbed a chair leg, afraid I was going to break in half. He told me to breathe deeply. I did and my little sphincter began to relax. He started sliding his dick further inside me before retreating. Each time I was amazed that I was able to take more of him. I began to enjoy the intense fullness of his cock inside me.

His thrusts continued, steady and sure, deeper and deeper. I could feel every vein in his cock as my anal muscle wrapped around him like a velvet glove. Still, he forged ahead, and just when I thought I'd had it all, he gave me another inch.

"I can't believe how tight you are. Your ass is wonderful," he grunted.

I crouched up on all fours to meet his thrusts better and to feel his cock at a better angle. He steadied my hips with his hands and charged up my asshole with full force so that I felt his flanks slap against my asscheeks. My loins were like jelly as I felt his momentum building. He was ramming his huge cock to the hilt.

His strokes quickened and I could feel the bulging pulse of his penis building closer to orgasm. Never before had I seen him so out of control, so overtaken by his own passion. And never before had I felt so wonderfully ravaged and spent.

He shot his hot load into my rectum as I collapsed on the floor with my lover on top of me. His come trickled out of me as his maleness deflated inside my bottom. And we lay there, exhausted and satisfied, our bodies entwined in a loving heap.

When I awoke the next day, I thought I wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. Strangely enough, the tenderness became a turn-on for me. As I went through the day, each twinge of soreness reminded me of the pleasure we had shared the night before. The sound of Tony's wildcat yell during sex echoed in my ear but the wallop of his punch brought super-sensitivity to my newfound seat of love.

Tony had obviously been tickled. He became much more attentive to my bottom, mentioning how sexy it looked when I bent over. Even when we had straight sex, he spent more time than was his custom caressing and petting my ass. But I was still a bit tentative about taking that back route again.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, Tony came home with flowers and a bottle of wine. "What's the occasion?" I asked. He replied that he loved me and we'd make up our own occasion. That, followed by a kiss and a very pointed pat on the ass, told me all I needed to know.

Our old familiar moves were gone. Knowing that this was going to be a night of special sex, we were both a bit hotter than usual. Tony put some lubricant by the bed as he served the wine. Our hands roamed freely and I kissed and nuzzled his chest, working my way down to his prick.

His masterful hands fondled my flesh, working their way down to my pussy and teasing my shy, winking flowerbud. Finding my clitoris, Tony squeezed and stroked me to a climax as I lay back, enjoying the sight of his naked body towering over me. Just as I was coming, he pushed his finger into my anus. It sent me into a near convulsion.

He replaced his hand with his raging

hard-on, keeping a finger screwed inside my asshole. My cunt screamed with pleasure as his cock sang inside me. The finger in my ass was doubled and I bucked forward, pushing his cock further inside my pussy.

Placing my feet over his shoulders, I gave him perfect aim at both of my openings. He slowed the cock-rubbing of my cunt and sped up his thrusting in my ass. Then, pulling out, he turned me over and stuck his lusty shaft up my back hole. I was ready for him this time and relaxed enough so he could begin his thrusts immediately. I rotated my ass to further tantalize him and get the full feel of each and every vein in his cock. He groaned and moaned and I knew he would not be able to hold back for very long.

Fucking, fucking, fucking, we joyously collided in our special love chain. I delighted in the feel of him pumping inside me. He held onto me tighter than ever and then suddenly let go an incredible barrage of thrusts that made me dizzy. My eyes stung as I felt him swelling with semen. The intensity was so great, I was biting his arm for relief as he barreled into me.

Then came the flow of delicious come that bathed us both in a tumultuous, foamy ocean of love. His body rested atop mine, and I reached back so as not to lose the warmth of him covering me. My security blanket was on me and in me as I enjoyed the sound of his breathing gradually slowing down.

We make love several times a week, but we save our anal sex sessions for special occasions. It heightens our sensations and brings a fullness and a candor to our lovemaking that cannot be duplicated. I am happy that I was daring enough to unlock that back door for myself and for the man I love.

EROTIC LETTERS

SPIRITED YOUNG JOCKEY HORSES AROUND WITH SWEETCHEEKS IN THE SADDLE

I think what I love most about my husband, aside from his cuter-than-cute, tight little buns, is his playful spirit. Kenny is a jockey, and a good one, too. He's still an apprentice, riding with a seven-pound allowance, and his mounts are not always the best, but his skill and patience is slowly but surely gaining the respect of the top trainers on the grounds. One of these days he'll be right up there with the best of them, I just know it.

But as good as Kenny is on the racetrack, he's even better in the bedroom. Believe me, I'm one filly he rides to perfection! He knows all the right buttons to push to get me to perform for him. I especially like it when he takes me from behind, drilling his stiff cock in my asshole while I'm crouched on the bed. It always makes me feel so thoroughly fucked.

I was walking hots for my uncle, who has a small stable here, when I first laid eyes on Kenny. He was newly arrived and every morning, together with his agent, he'd make the rounds of the barns looking for horses to exercise and, of course, to ride that afternoon in a race. Most mornings I'd stand down by the rail and watch him on a horse. My uncle said Kenny had a "good seat," which has to do with how a jockey positions himself on a horse. I, of course, already knew of Kenny's good seat, having eyed those compact buns many times.

After smiling at each other for about a week, Kenny and I finally got around to introducing ourselves. Kenny asked me out and we started

dating, and then screwing. Right from the start he expressed his passion for my ass, telling me that as a petite, blue-eyed blonde with a curvy bottom, I was his dream girl come to life. He, in turn, was my dream guy: handsome as all get-out, with a wiry body and a cock that never seemed to need a rest.

Although hearing Kenny describe the delightfully wicked things he had in mind for my ass never failed to arouse me, I didn't let him screw me there while we were dating. I thought it would be nice to save something for our wedding night. We did almost everything else, though, and I did let Kenny penetrate my tiny anus with his finger. With his hard cock in my mouth or pussy and his finger pumping rhythmically in my behind, I was in heaven. I didn't think it could get any better. But it did, and how!

Although eager to lose my anal cherry, deep down I was a bit apprehensive about taking Kenny that way. His finger, which I so enjoyed in my ass, was certainly no measure of the pleasure I could expect with his cock back there. A single digit was one thing, a fully erect cock quite another. But I needn't have worried, for Kenny, exhibiting both patience and love, made my very first ass-fuck something truly special.

First I gave him a long, sensual blowjob, and then we fucked in the missionary position until I came. Then Kenny, using his wonderful mouth and magical hands, got me all worked up again. I was squirming on the fingers he had inside my pussy and whimpering with desire when he said simply, "Turn over, sweet-cheeks." I knew my time had come.

As I lay quietly on my stomach, Kenny greased my asshole with globs of KY jelly, working the lubricant in and all around my virgin anus. Then he greased up his cock, which out of the corner of my eye I could see was bigger than usual. When all was ready he stuffed a pillow under my hips, elevating my bottom for penetration. "Ready, baby?" he asked softly. "I think so," I answered in a small voice. "You're going to love this, hon," Kenny said. "Your beautiful little butt was made to be fucked."

I clenched my fists and screwed my eyes shut when I felt the head of Kenny's cock press against my asshole. Carefully and slowly, he pressed it into me, angling his cock in such a way that penetration would be as easy as possible. Finally the head popped inside and I gasped. "Good girl," Kenny said hoarsely. "Just relax and let the rest in."

Patiently Kenny eased the rest of his cock into my rear channel until, finally, I had it all. And it was then, as he rested atop me with his hard cock pulsing madly in the humid darkness of my rectum, that something extraordinary happened inside me. I realized with blinding clarity what I had accomplished, and how utterly fantastic it felt to have my husband back there, in my very private place. In my mind's eye I could see my asshole stretched around Kenny's cock, hugging it hotly, and that alone was enough to start me tingling with joy. I felt so deliciously stuffed, so chock-full of cock, and I couldn't wait to feel my husband moving in me. In fact, it was I who started him fucking by growling, "God, I love it, Kenny. Fuck me, baby. Fuck my ass good."

As Kenny started moving in me, his well-greased cock sliding effortlessly in and out of my asshole, I moaned with a pleasure I had never experienced before. It was as if my every dream of submission, my every fantasy of submitting totally to a man, was coming true at that moment. On my belly with my cute little bottom upraised, a hard cock slicing be-

tween my cheeks like a knife cleaving a peach, I was awash with a feeling of helplessness. And I relished that feeling, rejoiced in it, and in an attempt to convey to my husband my total surrender, I reached back and with both hands pulled open the cheeks of my ass—a deliciously obscene gesture that, not unexpectedly, elicited a growl and caused him to quicken the pace of his thrusts.

"God, baby," he croaked, "you're so beautiful. My cock going in and out. . .it's fantastic."

"My ass is yours," I breathed hotly. "Yours to fuck whenever you want to."

"You like it? You really like it?"

"I love it in my ass. I love getting fucked in my ass."

Kenny continued fucking me, his cock like a giant fleshy spike as it drove into my bottom. Suddenly he reared back, and with his hands on my hips, pulled me up into a servile crouch. Now, with my head cradled between my arms and my behind in the air, he really let me have it. "Ride me, baby," I moaned into the bed sheet. "Ride my fucking ass!"

Gasping and grunting, Kenny banged into me with all the strength at his command, his bold, defiant thrusts wrenching gasps and grunts from my own throat. My asshole felt so open now, so loose, that I wondered if it would ever return to its normal size. But I didn't really care. All that mattered was that my husband kept drilling his beautiful cock into my rear passage, packing my ass with that hot sausage of his. Through the haze of my passion, I wondered what it would feel like when he came, when his creamy semen spilled not into my mouth or pussy, which I was so familiar with and loved, but into the dark recesses of my rectum.

Kenny, beside himself with lust, grabbed a handful of my long blonde hair and pulled my head up and back. With his free hand he started slapping my ass, all the time keeping his cock moving briskly inside me. Now, truly, he was riding his favorite filly, using my hair as reins and his hand as a crop as he raced to the finish line. "C'mon, baby, c'mon!" he yelled. "We're almost there!"

One last flurry of hard thrusts and Kenny was coming, squirting his semen in my behind and the thought into my lust-drenched head that I was being given a mini-enema. I started coming as my husband continued squirting, the realization that he was depositing his sperm in such a forbidden place helping to intensify an orgasm already stronger than any I'd ever known.

With a drawn-out sigh of satisfaction, Kenny sank down onto my back, his weight flattening me on the bed. He stayed like that, on top of me, as his cock gradually wilted in my rectum. Then, with another sigh, he rolled off me onto his back, my well-stretched asshole bidding a fond farewell to his cock and closing shut.

"Are you all right, baby?" my husband asked.

"I'm fine," I answered with a small smile.

"How's your asshole?" Kenny ran a hand over my well-fucked bottom, caressing it lovingly.

"It hurts a little, but that's okay. It's a nice hurt."

"Stay like that just for a minute, okay? I want to watch the come dribbling out of you."

Well, as memorable as that first ass-fuck was, in truth it's just one of the many I've enjoyed in the year that Kenny and I have been married. He knows that my ass is his to fuck whenever and wherever he sees fit, and this he does, much to my great pleasure. The other morning, for instance, he awoke really horny and sauntered into the kitchen stark naked sporting a giant hard-on. Grin-

ning, he pointed down to his erection, and then crooked that finger at me. A moment later I was on my knees, polishing his cock with my tongue. When it was dripping with my saliva, he asked me to bend over the kitchen table. Really horny myself now, I was quick to comply.

As I was wearing only a short housecoat and tiny underpants, all he had to do was lift up one and take down the other. Then came the familiar feel of his cockhead pressing against my asshole, and then the feel of the shaft burrowing deep inside my rear passage. I love getting fucked in the ass early in the morning. The feeling from it keeps me happy all day long. That very special morning Kenny did me extra-good, pumping away with gusto until we both came like gangbusters. Later, as he was leaving for the track, I told Kenny that none of the fillies he'd be on that afternoon would get a better ride than the one he'd given me.

> *"With his free hand he started slapping my ass, all the time keeping his cock moving briskly inside the my lusty bottom."*

"Baby," he said with a broad smile, "you and me, we always get to the winner's circle."

Ms. A.W.,
California

NAUGHTY SECRETARY LETS COCKY COWORKER GET A LITTLE BEHIND IN HIS WORK

Feeling deliciously naughty has compelled me to write to you about a sexual encounter I had today.

This young guy named Kirk has been coming on to me at the office. He's very good-looking and knows it. His cocky attitude concerning his sexual prowess has turned me both off and on during the past twelve months. Whenever we're apart from our coworkers, Kirk will ask me when we're getting together so he can "show me how it's done" or "demonstrate his bedroom skills."

This morning I managed to get to work despite near flood conditions. Kirk made it in as well. However, two other girls called and said that because of the torrential rains, they didn't think they could get to work. The other man who works in our small office was out on vacation. With just myself and Kirk alone in the office for the first time ever, there was a hot, exciting atmosphere, to say the least. As we were working on separate projects, there were a couple of nervous, flirty exchanges of looks.

About an hour into our workday, when it seemed certain that Pam and Mandy weren't going to make it in, Kirk moved behind me as I sorted through a file cabinet. Without speaking, he brought his right leg between my legs, and his left arm slid around my waist.

"What do you think you're doing?" I said unconvincingly. I guess the time spent contemplating this very event had made me hornier than I cared to admit. The room suddenly seemed hot and stuffy and our breathing accelerated.

I put up literally no resistance as Kirk's left hand moved to cup my breast through my tight blouse. He had little trouble finding my erect nipple through the material of my

blouse and satin brassiere. His other hand was just as active, pushing up my short black skirt until it was bunched around my waist. We moved a couple of feet so that I could brace myself against a chest-high countertop.

While Kirk's left hand worked my nipple over, his right hand slid down into my pantyhose to knead my pert ass. At this point, there was no turning back. The fact that someone might pop in the unlocked door any second was no longer of any importance to me. At that moment I only wanted this cocky young stud to do what he'd been bragging about for the past year.

Kirk's deft fingers undid the buttons of my tight blouse and helped me out of it so that only my bra remained on top. Instead of shedding that too, he massaged and twisted my protruding nipple, which was now poking at the tight satin of my bra. My breathing turned to little gasps and finally to low moans of pleasure as he continued to arouse me.

Kirk finally slid my skirt and pantyhose down my trembling legs to the floor, where I could step out of them. His next move caught me completely by surprise. From a kneeling position, my handsome coworker pushed his face directly into the hot crack of my bottom, his tongue wasting no time at all revving me up firecracker-hot. This was a first for me, having my ass licked, but it was obvious Kirk had done it before. As I was now down to just my bra and heels, any unexpected visitor would have been treated to quite a sight. Luckily, the office remained ours alone.

For about five minutes, Kirk thrilled me with his delightful tongue, leaving quite a load of saliva all along my hot crack. My moans were now quite a bit louder, but I tried my best not to arouse the suspicions of the people in the adjoining offices. I spread my legs wider so Kirk could more easily find his way into my aroused bottom, while I held tight to the counter to prevent myself from falling to the floor.

When Kirk stood up behind me, I nervously awaited his next move. Suddenly his throbbing hardness was gently probing my tight anal passageway. Only once had my boyfriend, Ted, and I tried anal sex, with no success. However, Kirk had me in a much more aroused state than I had been in during my initial attempt at anal sex. That time it was an experiment—this time it was a necessity. I just had to have, at that magic moment, Kirk's big cock deep in my ass.

As he began to push into me, I rotated my round bottom backward to impale myself on that pulsating column of flesh. When my office lover was fully embedded in my bowels, I squealed in total ecstasy. Never had I felt so fulfilled!

The moans and groans coming from my own mouth embarrassed me as Kirk plunged his large tool in and out of my willing ass. His hands had returned to my aroused tits, his fingers giving my still-satin-covered nipples a wicked twist. His staying power surprised me, as he was able to fuck my extremely tight back channel for several delightful minutes.

Then, as his orgasm approached, I was able to free my left hand to work on my throbbing clit so that we could climax together. When he exploded, I gave one last lunge backward to accept his penis to the hilt and felt his cream gushing into my well-fucked bottom. We dressed quietly and soon after decided the weather was turning worse, so we might as well go home early.

I'm not sure what tomorrow morning at the office will be like—very

tender sitting, I'd imagine. But right now I feel deliciously naughty!

Ms. D.K.,
Washington

PHYSICAL THERAPIST PRESCRIBES END RUN FOR FOOTBALL PLAYER

I have just discovered the joys of anal sex, and I have two bruising football players to thank for it. Not in the way you might guess, though. You see, I'm a running back for a college football team, and my season came to an abrupt end when one of my opponents hit me high, another low. My knee was ripped apart, requiring major surgery. After a few months off my feet, I was ready to climb the long road to rehabilitation, for I wanted desperately to play the next season.

The university assigned a physical therapist to work with me on my comeback. I was a little surprised to find that it was a woman; I was pleasantly surprised to see that she was also gorgeous. Susie was in her early thirties, with honey-blonde hair falling straight down to her ass. She had a round face with doe eyes and bee-stung lips. Her dazzling appearance did not prepare me for her all-business working style.

The training schedule she set up for me was brutal. It started gradually, just a few leg lifts with light weights, but my knee was still very tender. I also did a lot of swimming, using only my legs. Susie would walk up and down the pool beside me, barking orders. The fact that she looked dynamite in her tank top and shorts wasn't lost on me, but I didn't dwell on it. She was a taskmaster.

Eventually we graduated to road running. I had to respect her, because she ran alongside me every step of the way. My knee was feeling much stronger, and I was beginning to try and think how I could break the boundaries of the professional relationship I had with Susie. She was so good-looking, and I was beginning to sense that she was checking out my body. But still, we only talked about strengthening my knee.

Finally I reached a breakthrough when I was able to do ten repetitions of leg lifts at my goal weight. I was so excited that I hugged Susie in gratitude and as I hugged her I smelled her hair. I could feel her breasts press into my chest. My cock quickly swelled, and I think she felt it against her, because as we broke our clinch she gave me a smoldering look. "We'll have ourselves a proper celebration," she said. "I'll make you dinner tonight."

"I slicked up my cock and carefully drove it into her tiny rosebud. It felt as if her asshole were slowly swallowing my cock."

We had a fine dinner that night, of steaks and beer. Susie put aside the tough veneer she had exhibited and told me that she was sorry if she had been too stern with me, but that it was her job to see I got back in shape and she had found that this was the best way to do it.

"Well, whatever works," I said, "and I must admit I enjoyed our workouts despite the pain. Just seeing you in your gym shorts was enough to make my day brighter."

She took no offense at that re-

mark; in fact, she smiled, a dazzling smile that warmed my soul. "You know, Billy, you are one fine physical specimen yourself. I've always had this terrible weakness for football players." I took a long swig of beer, visions of what might lie ahead dancing in my brain.

Around midnight Susie decided we should go swimming in her pool. She went into her bedroom to change and came out wearing a one-piece racing suit. It was cut ridiculously high up on the thigh, exposing generous portions of her exquisite asscheeks. I stripped down to my shorts and hopped in the water before my erection caused too much embarrassment.

We swam a bit, circling each other like sharks. Finally she started playing touchie-feelie, and in a swift series of movements, I found myself sitting on the edge of the pool, my shorts floating in the water, and Susie sucking my cock with relish. She was an extremely skilled fellatrice, and I quickly spurted in her mouth. She wiped her lips and smiled up at me. "Boy, I've been wanting to do that for a while now. Let's go to the bedroom."

My knee served me perfectly in getting me quickly into that bedroom. She peeled off her suit and hopped into bed, still wet. We rolled around a bit, grappling like wrestlers, my cock once again as hard as stone.

Susie kissed me on the mouth long and hard and then told me in a hushed tone, "You know how I like it?" I looked at her, not knowing what to expect. "In the ass!" she giggled. With that, she flipped over and pulled herself up into a crouch, wiggling those succulent buttocks inviting me to fuck her anally.

"First lick me, and make it all wet," she said. I dropped my nose into her musky passage and slurped away, licking her perineum, her cunt and all around her asshole. I then inserted two fingers in her sopping-wet pussy to collect some lubrication. I took those fingers and slipped them in her asshole. She cooed and hissed, her hips undulating in delight.

"Go ahead," she rasped. "Fuck me in the ass. Fuck me good." I slicked up my cock with saliva and pussy juice and slowly drove it home into her puckered rosebud. Her breathing got heavy and her hands clutched the pillow beneath her. As I sank my cock into her, I realized that this was easily the most mind-boggling, consciousness-raising feeling I had ever experienced. It felt as if her asshole were slowly swallowing my cock, or as if I were being slowly sucked in by an undertow.

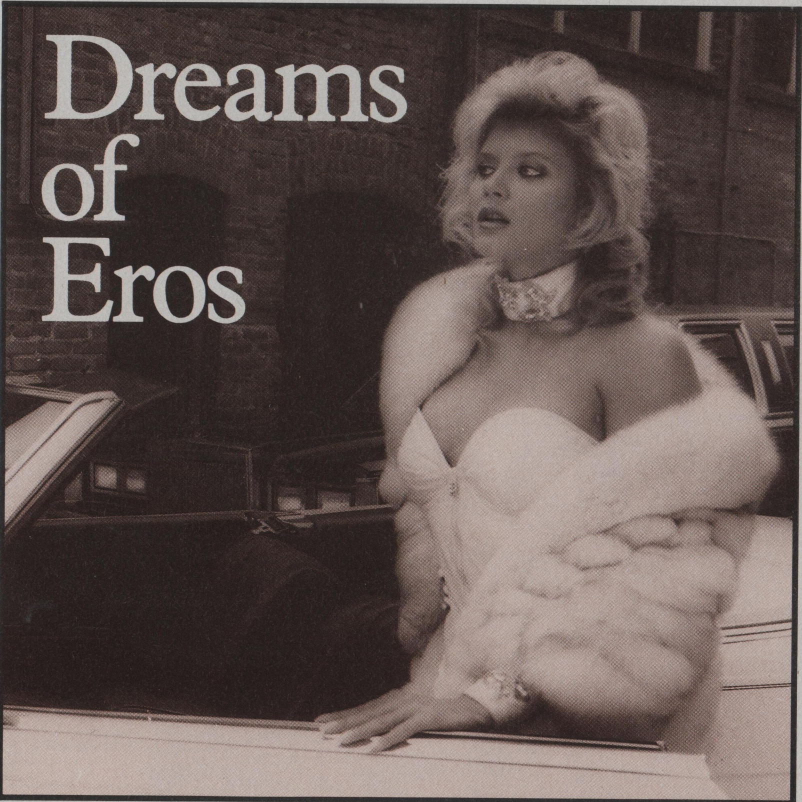
I reached under her and took hold of her breasts as she lifted her feet from the bed and dug her heels into my buttocks. I could see her face reflected in her alarm clock—eyes clamped tightly shut, strands of hair stuck in her mouth. I released one breast and used that hand to grab her hair, which I coiled around my wrist several times and then tugged on slightly, as if I were pulling the reins of a horse. All the while I was pistoning my cock in and out of her asshole.

At long last I came, and I came in buckets. I've never shot so much sperm in my life. I pulled out of her brown hole and watched the semen ooze out. Susie reached back to wipe it up with her fingers and then tasted it, smiling that beatific smile.

She then stretched out, catlike, content, and said to me, "I guess I did a good job. If your knee will hold up through that, I'm sure it will withstand a hit from a two-hundred-and-sixty-pound lineman."

Mr. B.C., Oklahoma

Dreams of Eros



For those autumnal evenings spiced with burning leaves when sexual fantasies can ripen with excitement and danger, we've found you a striking new photography book, with more of the palatial settings we're so partial to, and liberated lovers dressed to thrill and ravish.

You can use any of the examples of leather evening wear shown in these scenarios for your own fantasies. All are available in the catalog section of "Dreams of Eros," which you can get for $15.00, credit cards okay, from Artisan Marketing Co., 4320 Stevens Creek Blvd. #120, San Jose, CA 95129.

10,000 MANIACS AND A GIRL

Last December I took in a concert featuring the new group 10,000 Maniacs. Besides the fact that I'd attended a great concert, the evening was memorable in that I experienced a form of sexual pleasure previously unknown to me—anal sex.

The show was at an East Village club called The Ritz, which has a large open pit in front of the stage: no seats, no aisles. Before the show the concertgoers mill about with drinks from the bar.

I had gone by myself, hoping to spot somebody I knew. I was having no luck when I spied a heavenly creature. She was about five-feet-six and very slender, with the figure of a fashion model. Most notable was her exquisite derriere, which floated through the air as she walked. She had long, dark-red hair which hung straight down to that ass. She had the face of an Irish lass, with blue eyes and a splash of freckles across the bridge of her nose.

She seemed to be a real downtown type, dressed in a black leotard, a black mini-dress and black Chinese slippers. Normally I avoid people like this because they tend to be shallow and trendy, but this girl exuded a different quality, a quality I wanted to get to know better.

She was chatting with two friends, a man and a woman. Her two companions seemed to be boyfriend and girlfriend, so I figured the odd number to be a positive omen, and I made myself the fourth member of their group. I maneuvered close to her and nonchalantly asked, "I don't know much about this group, are you a big fan?"

She was very friendly and we started talking about music. Up close she was even more beautiful, even in the dim lighting of the cavernous Ritz. Her name was Kelly, and by the time the show started, we were acting like old friends.

The show was great, and afterward Kelly invited me to come along as she and her friends went to an East Village dance club. We danced away the wee hours, and when we came out of the club, an orangish glow was coming up over the East River, the unmistakable sign of a sunrise. "Wow, I guess it's time I got home," Kelly said. My heart raced. Inside the club we had been getting friendlier and friendlier, and at one point, our hands had found their way to each other's thigh.

"Would you like to see my place?" Kelly asked, sending me into paroxysms of joy.

We cabbed down to her apartment in Soho, a converted warehouse. Once inside, she wasted little time getting the ball rolling. She kicked off her shoes and groaned, "My feet are killing me from all that dancing. Would you give me a foot massage?"

I jumped at the chance and sat at the opposite end of the sofa from her. She plopped a stockinged foot in my lap and I began rubbing it. She was enjoying her massage very much when she got a gleeful look in her eye. With her free foot she began to rub my crotch, sensuously running her toes up and down my denim-covered cock.

My cock turned to stone in an instant and began to feel uncomfortable cooped up in my pants. I told her so and she laughed and said, "Well, you're my guest, get comfortable."

Kneeling on the sofa, I opened my fly and my cock spilled out. Kelly flashed a big grin, crept forward and took my erection in her mouth. She sucked it slowly and lovingly, as if she were savoring a last meal. We began to pick up the pace as I thrust my pelvis back and forth and she

took more and more of me in her mouth, my cock hitting the back of her throat. It didn't take much of this to make me come. I blasted my semen down her throat. She released my cock as the last few spurts of sperm left, splashing across her eyelids and her freckled nose.

She laughed gaily and stood up. "I'd better get out of these clothes, come stains are a bitch to remove." With that, she turned her back to me and did a little striptease. She slowly pulled her dress up over her head, revealing to me her ass covered snugly by a leotard. I can think of no other time in my life when I was so sexually bowled over as when I first saw that ass. It was an ass of perfection. They definitely broke the mold after they created those two round, succulent buttocks.

My mouth must have been hanging open, because Kelly looked over her shoulder and laughed. "Do you like my fanny?" she giggled, wiggling her butt at me, causing me to gulp. She pulled off her dress, which left her in her leotard only. "Maybe you'd like to fuck me in my ass?"

I nodded a vigorous assent as Kelly slithered next to me on the couch, fondling my revived hard-on. She added, "First I want you naked."

I set speed records in stripping down. Once I was fully unclothed, my cock jutting into the air, she beckoned me to her breasts. Kelly had uncovered her tits and now wanted me to suck her nipples. I did this with pleasure, kissing and sucking all over her chest, which, like her face, was sprinkled with freckles.

Kelly lifted her hips and told me to pull off her leotard. I did so, slowly, relishing the appearance of inch after inch of her long, slender legs. Once the stretchy fabric was out of the way, I lowered my face into her steaming cunt. I fucked her with my tongue, stopping occasionally to swirl it around her clitoris while sliding a finger in and out of her ass.

Kelly was floating in the clouds. "Ooh, you do like my ass, don't you?" she teased. She rolled over and positioned a throw pillow under her hips to elevate her heavenly butt. "Now I want you to shove that big fat cock into my asshole."

I was insane with lust. I lubricated my cock with her copious pussy juices and slowly eased my prick into her brown hole. God, it felt great! It felt as if a velvet-gloved hand had a firm grip on my cock. Kelly was wailing with pleasure.

I was hesitant at first, not having any experience in this area. She urged me on. "Faster. Let me have it faster. I want you to pound that dick into my butt. I want you to ream me good. Ream me harder! I want you to come in my ass!"

It wasn't long before I had all of my cock inside her, which I never would have believed. I have a seven-incher, and it was all going up her back chute with relative ease. Her encouragements were now nothing more than incoherent whimpers of delight, as she broke into a long and loud orgasm.

My cock was a blur as it sped in and out of Kelly's ass. I was a complete madman, as my whole body felt like one big cock, slamming in and out, in and out. Finally, with a primitive roar, I came, squirting another large load of come inside her. I collapsed in exhaustion on top of her, and we both drifted off to sleep.

We awoke the next day about noon. Our muscles were stiff, but neither of us was complaining. We took a leisurely bath together, Kelly sucking me off again while I licked her to another orgasm. Before I left she made me promise that we'd take in another concert real soon.

Mr. N.M.,
New York

LETTER OF THE MONTH

S&M WEDDING NIGHT

Still in my bridal gown and veil, I obeyed Jim's command to kneel and bow my head. As he twisted my blue garter around my wrists, snapping them together behind my back, I smiled inwardly, thinking how shocked my friends and relatives would be to see me in such a submissive pose. Or to realize just how significant to me was the word "obey" in the vow I had recited earlier that day.

Early in our relationship our roles had been clearly defined. Jim was the masterful one, I the willing submissive. We had not yet begun to explore the delights of S&M, preferring to wait for our wedding night when, together for the first time as man and wife, we would celebrate our union with a little ceremony, a sampling of the special pleasures we would share in the years to come.

Stepping around in front of me, Jim unzipped his fly and pulled out his swelling penis. He drew my veil back and then, cupping my chin, lifted my head up and rubbed his manhood all over my face. "Open," he said. I opened my mouth wide and Jim quickly filled it with cock. Kneeling, hands bound behind my back, I sucked my husband with slavish delight, savoring, for the first time, his taste and aroma. Then, placing his hands on my head to hold it still, he began fucking my mouth as I looked up at him adoringly.

There would be many times when he would come that way, pouring his semen down my throat or perhaps annointing my face with his creamy love, but that night, in keeping with our ceremony, he withdrew from my mouth and ordered me onto the bed. Joining me there, he hoisted my bridal gown up over my waist and placed the head of his gleaming penis at my aching sex. (As ordered, I had not worn panties on my wedding day).

For several wonderful minutes, Jim allowed me the pleasure of his cock churning in my pussy and then, ordering me onto my stomach, he drew me up into a crouch with my head down and my ass up in the air. I obeyed without hesitation when he ordered me to reach back and spread my cheeks for him.

A breathless moment later Jim was pushing inside me, establishing his authority over this, my last virginal orifice. The pain was nothing compared to the pride I felt in being able to accommodate him. And as I cried out with joy, savored the thought that my anus, like my mouth and vagina, now truly belonged to him, Jim came, his semen spurting into my steaming rectum and triggering my own release.

Afterward, as we snuggled in bed, Jim noted with obvious pleasure that we had only just begun our erotic journey. "And what a journey it's going to be," I thought happily.

Ms. K.Y.,
California

Theater of Love

Dressing to express their inner sexuality, six sensuous employees of a popular night spot gather for their own Halloween party —a spirited celebration of passion in all its intriguing guises

BY SARAH DENT

SALLY slid her hip up onto the bar stool next to me, looking fresh and sexy in her zebra leotards, even after putting in an eight-hour shift at the Jungle Paradise Lounge. The leotards were standard working gear, as was a ready smile and a lithe body, for our jobs as waitresses in one of the big city's most popular fun spots. I was in leopard skin and Judy, across the bar stacking glasses, was in parrot green. Max, the bartender, was decked out in lion-gold lamé, which was somehow perfect on his weight lifter's body, setting off his gorgeous mane of thick blond curls. Even Giorgio, the bar boy, sported a bodysuit of panther black which complemented his wiry leanness to a T.

"So, how'd you do tonight, kid?" asked Sally after purring sweetly to Max to add a little rum to her coke and thanking him with one of the dazzling smiles that helped make her the best-tipped girl there.

I looked down at my stack of crumpled bills. "Better," I sighed. "At least now I break even. I'm not sure I'm cut out for this job."

In the two weeks I'd been working there, I'd spilled drinks, mixed up orders and somehow wound up with less money than I'd started with, but Sally and the others had been so supportive that I still loved to come to work each night. I had arrived a month before, fresh off the Kansas farm, and the Jungle Paradise staff was the closest thing I had to family.

Sally laughed that full, sensuous laugh

of hers and squeezed my arm affectionately. "You don't need to worry. You're doing just fine, honey. Isn't she, Max?"

"Sure she is," answered Max enthusiastically. "Plus, she looks great in that leotard!"

"Who looks great in whose leotard?" asked Judy, coming over to join us.

"You all do," came a husky voice from behind us. "That's why this place is so popular."

It was Lorraine, proprietress of the Jungle, a woman in her fifties who didn't look a day over thirty-five. With her sleek, shining hair, translucent skin and trim body, she was definitely a lady with her own style.

"Now don't forget, darlings, the party starts promptly at two on Sunday. I expect everyone to be very creative with their costumes. Max, pour a round for the ladies. They earned it tonight."

When she'd left I turned to Sally and asked, "What's this about a party?"

"Oh, didn't anybody tell you? It's a tradition every year: Lorraine's Halloween costume party."

"Yes, indeed," said Giorgio in his thick Greek accent. "A very big time is had by all."

"Remember last year?" mused Max as he handed us our drinks.

I looked from one to the other and saw only secretive smiles. Even vivacious Judy was all dreamy-eyed.

"Well," I said, being the only one not lost in reverie, "what do you wear?"

"Why, anything goes, dear, as long as it reflects your inner sensuality. At Lorraine's we celebrate the sensual side of Halloween with a capital S." Everyone but me giggled in agreement and downed their drinks, toasting memories only they knew about.

It had gotten late and we all started to gather our things. The party was still five days away, but I thought of little else during that time. It wasn't until Sunday morning that I finally decided on my costume: a filmy homemade sari culled from some French silk bedroom curtains I hadn't gotten around to hanging. The lovely yellow silk fluttered and flowed around my body, and I fashioned an alluring mask of the same material so all you saw were my charcoaled eyes and a hint of red lips through the gauzy silk.

"Oooh, a real live Indian princess," crooned Judy, as she picked me up on the day of the party. "I love it. Lorraine will be so pleased."

"Do you really think so?" I asked, trying not be obvious as I eyed her dress. "Ah, what exactly are you going as?"

Judy chuckled and fairly wriggled in her bucket seat. "You really don't get the full effect when I'm sitting," she said, bangles on her arms and bells on her feet jangling as she put the car in gear. "I'm a court jester. You'll see when we get there and I go into my routine."

"Routine?"

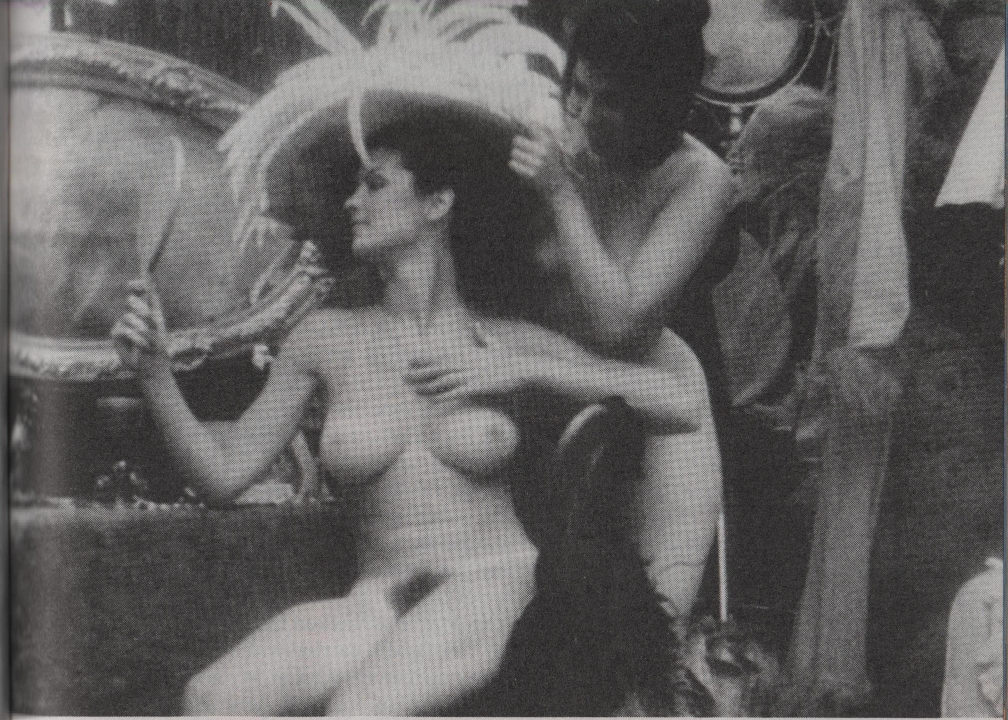
"Lorraine expects everyone to put on a little performance. It's part of the fun."

DRESSING to express my inner sensuality sounded intriguing. But performing? What would I do? As we drove out of the city to Lorraine's house, I let Judy's chattering go in one ear and out the other as I frantically put together a few improvised dance steps in my head, wondering if I'd have the guts to perform them.

We were greeted at the door by a figure dressed in vintage gentlemen's finery, complete with a velvet suit, a bowler hat and a white cravat held in place by a diamond brooch. I wondered if Lorraine had hired a butler for the occasion until I heard that familiar husky voice.

"Late as usual, Miss Judy, but never mind. An entrance is always to be appreciated. Come in, Sarah. My, you look lovely as a dream. I can't wait to see you in action." It was Lorraine done up as Oscar Wilde, and on her the look was very appealing.

As we turned the corner to join the



others, I had to stop a moment to take it all in. There, on a sumptuous pile of wall-to-wall cushions, were two cat-like characters, Sally and Max, and between them sat Giorgio, with two horns growing out of his beautiful black hair. He was playing a happy little song on some sort of flute while Sally and Max fed grapes to each other across his lap. The best touch of all were Giorgio's chaps of dark fur, which gave him a decidedly half-human, half-beast appearance, not unlike Pan.

"Well," said Lorraine, as she settled onto a plush velvet settee. "Now that everyone's here, let the party begin. Sarah, come sit next to me while Max and Sally entertain us. And Judy, dear, pass out the brownies, please."

Jingling and tinkling, Judy passed around a silver tray heaped with little cakes, pausing in front of me to explain, "They're Lorraine's special Halloween brownies." They were delicious and I was hungry, I ate three, one right after another. So as Max and Sally began their show, I sat and nibbled away.

The cats danced while Giorgio, I mean Pan, played a sensual accompaniment. They started out on all fours, with arched backs and hands clawing the air, but soon simply melted together, arms and legs waving, as they acted out a kind of love ritual. There was lots of licking and stroking and rubbing and mounting of body on body, all done beautifully, thanks to Max's rippling muscles and Sally's lithe, feminine grace. By the time they finished I could feel my pulse pounding. Only then did I notice Lorraine's hand gently stroking the back of my neck, as if I myself were a cat perched at her feet.

Next it was Judy's turn, her wonderful jester's pantomime a clever dance of athletic prowess and comic if slightly vulgar contortions. But I was unable to concentrate, as Max and Sally had sprawled out near me and begun fawning on me, covering my arms and legs with tender caresses and tantalizing strokes of affection. Details began to

blur and boundaries faded as I felt their touch fan out to include Giorgio and Judy, who had come to rest at my feet. As the only newcomer, I seemed to be the center of attention, all of it so tender and seductive that I couldn't help but respond by reaching out to everyone, drawing our circle closer and becoming enveloped in the warmth of their casual love.

Max and Sally were the first couple to part from the group as passion overpowered their hearts and minds. As the rest of us continued our lazy strokes, they pulled away, casually stretched out of their clothes and began to make love with such erotic grace that their fluid movements gave the appearance of a beautiful ballet. The sight of the two arching and stroking limb against limb captivated my attention so that I hadn't noticed Judy and Lorraine sliding together in a mutual embrace behind me, leaving Giorgio and me sprawled together.

Giorgio began licking my bare legs and going higher and higher, my makeshift sari offering no resistance. The heat between my legs made me more than eager to feel his wet tongue against my flesh as I listened to the aroused sighs and moans of the two writhing couples on either side of us. As his mouth reached its target, my last thought was how beautifully and naturally we'd all paired off, regardless of gender, expressing only the desire of the moment.

The idea that I could just as easily be rolling on the floor with Max or, for that matter, Sally, sent a spark of erotic energy to my brain and set me free. I grasped Giorgio's head in my hands and pulled him against my pussy, inviting his thick tongue inside me. After thoroughly opening me, he deftly crept up over my now semi-nude body, until he reached my nipples and began to suck each with equal zeal.

My head thrashed from side to side, my eyes taking in first the sight of Max diving hard and fast into Sally's cunt, then the sensual spectacle of Lorraine and Judy locked in a lovers' knot, fingers and tongues flashing in and out of each other's wetness. It was a sight intensified by the costumes each of us wore.

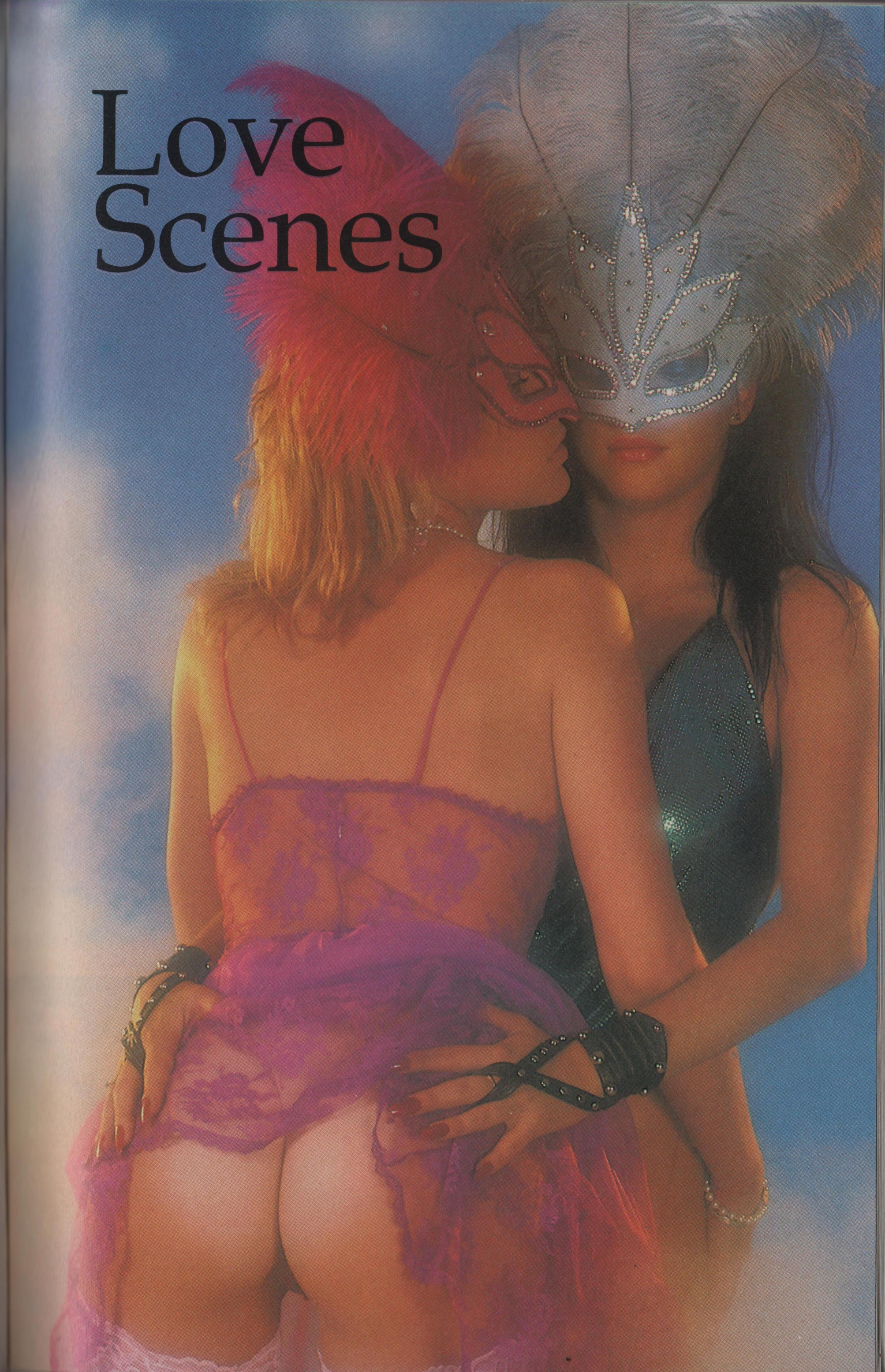
Now Lorraine was not so much the foppishly dressed dandy as she was a semi-clothed woman writhing over the disheveled court jester, whose bells and bangles jingled in time with her body's gyrations. As for Max and Sally, the beauty of their movements when dancing fully clothed was nothing compared to their sensual, erotic coupling. I couldn't help but feel my own Halloween surprise was the best of all, for I was being made love to by a half-man-half-beast who had all the sexual prowess of both.

Giorgio had worked his tongue up to my face, and it carried with it the scent of my own aroused body. My hands ran the length of his rock-hard muscles, arching over bare skin, then spreading through soft fur, a kinky erotic kick. Giorgio completed the illusion as he thrust his hard penis between my spread legs and then bore down between my hot, wet lips with a primitive sexual energy.

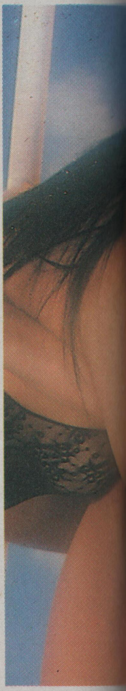
The erotic heat built among us. Though we were coupled separately, there was an unbroken sense of connection between the couples which made the experience a completely shared high. Max and Sally sent shivers through me with their climactic cries, which were followed by the softer moans of Lorraine and Judy, who had driven each other over the edge with deft sexual execution. My own orgasm shook my body as Giorgio drilled deep, letting himself go in my fiery depths.

As easily and naturally as we'd all paired off, we drew together again, offering one another smiles of satisfaction and mutual acceptance along with the promise of more sensual fun before the party ended. I never felt more loved and desired than I did in those moments when

Love Scenes



Beneath her elegant masquerade lies the soul of a sensual temptress. She is the object of our desire, who brings joy to our life and passion to our bed. She covers her face with exotic costumes, but the truth of her sex she reveals when her silky flesh, hot with lust, embraces ours, calling out to share our swirling pool of desire.



Dressed
to entice,
she lures us
into her
special world.
She is a
cornucopia
of fantasy,
a beauty queen
in leather,
innocence in
lace. She brings
us to heights
of passion we've
never known. She
is a mystery,
a sexual enigma,
always inspired to
seek out a new
and wondrous
love.

we all quenched our thirst together, recovered our calm and slowly relaxed, fully satisfied yet utterly open to whatever sensual adventures lay ahead.

As AMBER AFTERNOON stretched into evening, we played and loved, sometimes indulging in a spontaneous coupling, sometimes laughing and teasing each other in the simple games Lorraine had devised. We bobbed for apples and then bobbed for pussy and cock with equal enthusiasm and joy. I could see now why everyone had gotten so misty-eyed in the bar recalling these annual Halloween parties, for we truly were the epitome of hedonistic mischief.

As the evening wore on, I was lovingly introduced to sexual expressions which until then had existed only as fantasies hidden deep in the caverns of my subconscious . In fact, that Halloween was a wonderfully mixed bag of tricks and treats I'll never forget. There was the new sensation I shared with Sally: a woman loving me and me learning how to love her back. I also experienced for the first time the touch of two men at once, as Max and Giorgio took me on a sensual romp, lifting me to heights I'd never attained before.

It happened in the same good-natured and spontaneous way that had characterized all of the party's erotic activities. I was coming back from the bathroom when I nearly tripped over Max's legs. I stumbled over both men, which was slightly embarrassing , as they were locked in a steamy sixty-nine position until my untimely intrusion.

Neither of them missed a beat, however. They welcomed me by pulling apart ever so slightly and drawing me down between them. I had never in my life lain between two men, certainly not two men so amply endowed or so erotically inclined. While the others chatted in the kitchen, we clung to one another in the

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❑ Samantha Strong

Above are the top Videostars in adult movies however due to space limitations we only list the other 91 stars by name.

- ❑ Delia Moore
- ❑ Seka
- ❑ Kay Parker
- ❑ John Holmes
- ❑ Tiffany Clark
- ❑ Linda Shaw
- ❑ Lois Ayres
- ❑ Cara Lott
- ❑ Kim Carson
- ❑ Laurie Smith
- ❑ Tish Ambrose
- ❑ Keli Richards
- ❑ Buffy Davis
- ❑ Codi Nicole
- ❑ Rachel Ashley
- ❑ Cheri St. Clair
- ❑ Heather Wayne
- ❑ Constance Money
- ❑ Jacqueline L.
- ❑ Tamara Longley
- ❑ Sharon Mitchell
- ❑ Sahara
- ❑ Linda Wong
- ❑ Purple Passion
- ❑ Vera Butler
- ❑ Jeannie Pepper
- ❑ Je Taimi
- ❑ Johnny Keyes
- ❑ F.M. Bradley
- ❑ Ray Victor
- ❑ Tiffany Lane
- ❑ Nina DePonca
- ❑ Marilyn Palmer
- ❑ Lady Stephanie
- ❑ Rita Erotica
- ❑ Mauvais DeNoire
- ❑ Amber Lynn
- ❑ Tajia Rae
- ❑ Elle Rio
- ❑ Erica Boyer
- ❑ Trinity Loren
- ❑ Tanya Foxx
- ❑ Lori Lovett
- ❑ Pam Nimo
- ❑ Patti Pettite
- ❑ Desiree Lane
- ❑ Summer Rose
- ❑ Nancy Suiter
- ❑ Sharon Kane
- ❑ Joanna Storm
- ❑ Penny Morgan
- ❑ Candi Evans
- ❑ Brittany Stryker
- ❑ Janey Robbins
- ❑ Nina Hartley
- ❑ Ginger Lynn
- ❑ Nikki Dee
- ❑ Paula Harlow
- ❑ Lacy Luv
- ❑ Bunny Bleu
- ❑ Raven
- ❑ Mindie Rae
- ❑ Aphrodite
- ❑ Allena Ferrari
- ❑ Gina Carrera
- ❑ Susan Hart
- ❑ Crystal Breeze
- ❑ Athena Star
- ❑ Gail Force
- ❑ Lisa Melendez
- ❑ Karen Summers
- ❑ Barbara Dare
- ❑ Krista Lane
- ❑ Nicole West
- ❑ Josephina C.
- ❑ Rayanne
- ❑ Lacy Logan
- ❑ Donna Ann
- ❑ Brianna Starr
- ❑ Sheena Horne
- ❑ Angel Kelly
- ❑ Chanel Price
- ❑ Robbie Dee
- ❑ Rita Ricardo
- ❑ Dan T. Mann
- ❑ Cheri Moon
- ❑ Kathleen Gentry
- ❑ Stacey Donavan
- ❑ Carolyn Chambers

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candle-lit shadows, a triad of sweaty lust. I barely knew whether it was Max sucking my cunt and Giorgio filling my mouth with his cock or the other way around. All I knew for sure was that they gave me everything they had and I feasted like a hungry bird between them.

How sweet it was, how thrilling, to have two such sensual men tending to the needs of my flesh, to feel their knowing hands and magical mouths on my most sensitive parts. They played me like an instrument, making me sing with pleasure. While one concentrated on my breasts, licking and sucking the erect nipples, the other was down below, lovingly lapping up the juices flowing so freely from my aroused pussy. When a finger, I didn't know whose, found its way to my anus and wormed inside me, I whimpered in gratitude.

What made our threesome particularly exciting was the momentary pause when they concentrated on each other while I stroked and licked their joined maleness. What a thrill to see and feel two men loving each other so perfectly, all the while knowing I could involve myself in their free expression at will. As nervous and naive as I'd been just a few hours before, I was now an eager and excited participant in this sensual orgy. I wanted it never to end.

But end it had to, finally. Like the exhausted revelers we were, we gathered our disheveled costumes, kissed and hugged our hostess goodbye and made our way back to the city. When Judy dropped me off, there was a new closeness to our goodbye kiss, over which we lingered long enough to arouse each other one last time. We performed some powerful maneuvers in her bucket seat before I had the good sense to invite her in for the night. In the privacy of my bedroom, inspired by the sexual antics of the party, Judy and I explored each other's body with lazy abandon until we gave in to exhaustion and fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

The next night the bar was even busier than I'd expected, but we all pulled together like the family we were to give our best to each and every customer. Something had happened to me personally which magically took all the self-conscious kinks out of my own performance. There wasn't one spilled drink or mismatched order all evening, and I counted a profit of a hundred and thirty dollars at the end of the night.

I'd finally learned how to make work fun, how to work with others as a team and how to relax into the spontaneity of the job. And I was thankful for the freeing nature of our Halloween party for my new sense of confidence and style. For this I was grateful to my coworkers, my new friends, with whom I shared an intense intimacy and warm memories of what was truly a magical night that I will never forget.

EROTIC LETTERS

SHORE LEAVE

I am a commander on a submarine in the U.S. Navy. We were recently on an eight-month tour of duty, so all the guys were looking forward to getting back together with their wives. My wife, Madeline, is a vision. Blonde and busty, she is a throwback to the "blonde bombshell" days of Jayne Mansfield.

My two closest buddies aboard ship are Tom, the captain of the vessel, and Michael, a young lieutenant commander who is a rising star. Tom, in his late forties, is married to Mai, who he met in Vietnam. She is well under five feet, with a very boyish figure, but extremely sexy just the same. And Michael, a black man, is wed to Vanessa, who veritably reeks of sexuality. Her figure is absolutely

flawless and her face a prime example of Nubian beauty.

We three sailors had made no secret of how we were attracted to each other's wives. When we had liberty in some port city, we would hit a topless bar and get rip-roaring drunk and muse about how we would all like to have a group fuck. I would tell Michael and Tom how lucky they were and how much I would love to fuck their wives, and they would reciprocate in kind. But then we would realize that the women would never go for it, and we would find ourselves a hooker and settle for the fantasy.

I was not about to let the matter drop, however. When Madeline and I married we had an understanding. She knew I would be gone for extended periods of time and that I would be in cities where sex was cheap and easy. She knew it would be damn near impossible for me to remain faithful. By the same token, I knew that a temptress such as she was not cut out for waiting patiently for her man to return home from the sea. She was a woman who needed regular sex. And so we enjoyed sex outside of marriage, and there were no hard feelings. But would she consent to wife-swapping?

Upon arriving home, the six of us planned to have a celebration. Before we went out, I mentioned to Madeline how beautiful Tom and Michael thought she was, and that on occasion their praise got quite ribald. She seemed flattered, so I laid my cards on the table. "They both would like very much to fuck you. Would you be amenable to that?"

She was a bit taken aback, but not shocked. I knew she had the hots for Michael, who is six-feet-four, with the body of an Olympian. And though Tom is an older man, Madeline has always responded to his bearish good looks. She said that if the other women were interested, so was she. This conversation heated us up so much that Madeline dropped to her knees and unleashed my turgid cock, which she slipped into her mouth and sucked feverishly. In only a few moments I filled her throat with semen. As she wiped the excess come away from her lips, she had that brazen look in her eyes, the look she had when she met me. I knew everyone was in for a wild evening.

We went dining and dancing, and the spirits flowed. All the men danced with all the women, and as I took my turn with Vanessa, I said that Michael was a very lucky fellow. She said that she thought Madeline was a lucky girl, and I detected a glimmer of mischief in her eyes. As our dance ended, my cock, now as hard as a torpedo, was sandwiched between me and her waist. She ground into me a bit and said, "Naughty boy!" Then she winked and sauntered back to the table.

The women went to powder their noses, leaving my shipmates and I to talk freely. "Vanessa just ground her pussy against my cock right on the dance floor. I think she's game," I said.

"Well, you know that if I ask Mai to do something, she'll do it," Tom said evenly. Michael and I looked at him in anticipation. "And I really want to do this."

Michael's eyes lit up, and he began to lick his lips. "Oh boy!" he softly exulted. During our dipsomaniacal ruminations about wife-swapping, Michael had been positively rhapsodic about Mai's charms, and I had to agree. It's got to be a basic fantasy of a Western man to make love to a small, demure Oriental who will wait on his every need. Tom had admitted to us that it was a longtime dream of his, and he was living it out.

The girls came back from the powder room all smiles. Vanessa was

the spokeswoman. "We're all ready to go!" she said. We grabbed our coats and our respective wives and headed for the door. But the ladies had a different idea. Madeline removed my hand from hers and sidled up to Tom. Mai slipped her hand into Michael's, and Vanessa coolly slid her hand across my back and down to my ass, which she squeezed. "We're going to play a little mix-and-match," she said huskily.

We got to my house in record time. After a quick preliminary toast of champagne, belts and buttons started flying. A few seconds later, there wasn't a shred of clothing to be found covering a body. I was on the sofa on my back, Vanessa above me, her long black fingers wrapped around my engorged organ. Beyond her I could see Madeline sitting in an armchair, her legs hooked over the arms, her pussy spread out on display. Tom was on his knees in front of her, lapping like crazy. Near the fireplace was an almost comical sight. Michael was standing erect, in more ways than one, his hands on the top of Mai's head. She was able to suck on his huge penis without bending or squatting.

> *"All through the night we enjoyed various sexual acts, crawling from lover to lover, until we ended up stroking and petting in a group grope"*

Vanessa soon had my undivided attention. She began roughly to lick my balls and the insides of my thighs, and all the while her fingers danced lightly on my cock. Finally she thrust her open lips down onto my cock, taking it almost to the root. She bobbed her head up and down with increasing speed until I thought my mind would explode, and then suddenly she stopped. She rose above me and swung around in the opposite direction, sitting on my face. She resumed sucking my cock while I looked up at her sweet black ass.

With my tongue in her cunt, my nose in her ass and my cock in her mouth, we came together, my white lava scorching her tonsils. We tumbled off the sofa, our limbs entwined, to catch up with what the others were doing. Madeline was still in that chair, only now Tom had clambered aboard her, his cock slamming in and out of her well-oiled pussy. Her legs were wrapped around his neck, toes pointing to the ceiling. She seemed to love running her hands through the hair covering Tom's strong torso.

Mai and Michael were engaged in activities breaking most of Newton's laws. He was lying flat on his back, his cock pointing straight up. Mai was squatting above him, her weight distributed on her fingertips, which were spread out on his chest, and her toes, which dug into his thighs. She then lowered her asshole down onto his cock. I couldn't believe it. Here was this tiny, waiflike woman accepting a cock of at least eight inches in her brown back hole. And all the way inside her, too. Michael couldn't believe it, either, and began to groan like a dying man. Mai's hips picked up speed as they slammed up and down on Michael's fleshy spike.

Meanwhile, Tom had risen up higher on Madeline, and his cock was now burrowing in her ample cleav-

age. She was able to flick her tongue out occasionally to lick at his cockhead. After a few minutes of this, he erupted, liberally spraying my wife's face and chest with his cream. Michael was close to coming as well. He stood up, picking up Mai, who wrapped her legs around his waist. Michael's cock was still in her ass, and now he used his powerful arms to slide her up and down on his cock. Eventually he came with a roar, his come bubbling up into her tight little bottom.

After what we had been through, we had to stop and regain our wits. We had a sensual group grope, just stroking and petting. Then Mai crawled into my lap and began reviving my erection with her mouth. Madeline plopped her pussy down onto Michael's face and began rocking back and forth. Vanessa languorously snaked a long finger into Tom's ass and started licking his balls.

"I felt his face press against my bottom, his tongue in my cunt. Shuddering with pleasure, we switched partners and I was sandwiched between two other men."

This went on all through the night. After partaking of new lovers for several hours, we ended the evening back with our respective spouses. Madeline was still coated with the sticky residue of two men's come, which I gladly licked off before I sank my still hard erection into her quagmire of a pussy. I could see Mai, picking up where Vanessa had left off, by sticking first one, then two fingers up Tom's ass and blowing him.

The adventure had been a successful one, and I think we all realized that while our submarine was in dry dock, we would still be very busy.

Mr. (Name and address withheld)

CHERUBIC BANK TELLER GETS ACQUAINTED WITH NEW COWORKERS

When I began my job as a teller at the bank, the first thing I noticed was how many gorgeous men worked there. From my boss right on down to the mailroom supervisor, I was truly captivated by the strong male presence. My mind would wander from the business of the day and I would fantasize about discreet and lustful trysts with my male cohorts, envisioning their thick, rigid members sliding eagerly into the wet warmth between my thighs.

When summer arrived, some of the guys in the office organized a company softball team, and I was one of the first women in the office to join. True, I am anything but athletic and I can't really handle a softball, but it wasn't softballs per se that I was interested in.

We held practices at a park a few blocks from work, and I was absolutely thrilled to be keeping company with all this delectable beefcake, men with strapping physiques who wore tight shorts that accentuated their smooth, firm buns and revealed the hefty bulges in their crotches.

Knowing I'd be consorting with all of these attractive specimens, I made a point to always look my best, and I always wore clothes I thought they'd get a kick out of. After all, I'm young, well endowed, and most men seem to appreciate my ample rump and my soft, cherubic features.

There were two other women on the team, one of whom was married

and another, Alice, who was notorious for sleeping around. Alice was tall and blonde and easy-going. (God, was she ever!) She had a sensational set of breasts and a pair of legs so long and shapely that even I occasionally fantasized about spending intimate moments with her.

Alice and I quickly became friends, and we soon confided to one another that we were in search of a heated sexual encounter. Other than engaging in some lascivious body play with our handsome teammates, there was little reason for our being there. It wasn't long before we got precisely what we were looking for.

After our first game, Alice and I joined a few of the guys for a quick drink at a nearby bar. We sat in the back of the restaurant in an intimate little booth, all five of us crammed into a dark corner.

I had my eyes on Steve, a tall, well-muscled accountant at the bank. Normally I only see him in his dark blue suits and button-down collars. That night, however, he was wearing cotton shorts that left little to the imagination and an old tank top that fit loosely and revealed the sides of his masculine rib cage. As we sat around and drank, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to lick the sweat from Steve's armpit. The very thought made my pussy tingle with anticipation.

Meanwhile, I noticed that Alice was paying special attention to Roy, a long, lean black man with a closely cropped beard and muscles rippling under his dark flesh.

We were also with Ted, a younger man who worked in the mailroom. He wasn't quite as attractive as the other two, but his shy demeanor and youthful innocence were an enormous turn-on. I began to wonder what it would be like to meet with him some night—just the two of us—so I could give him an education in carnal matters that he'd appreciate.

It was easy enough to picture the two of us in bed, naked and quivering with desire. There was Ted, sprawled between my legs and eagerly following my instructions as he strived to please me orally. I would tell him what to focus his attention on, and when. I would show him how to treat a woman's breasts for maximum effect, and, of course, I would reveal to him the secrets of satisfying a woman anally, with a gently probing finger and then a hard-thrusting cock.

It wasn't long before I noticed him glancing every so often at my erect nipples poking through my sweaty white t-shirt.

"See something you like?" I whispered in his ear.

I could tell from his expression that he was embarrassed, but I quickly put him at ease when I sidled up next to him in the booth and slid my hand between his thighs.

"I see something I like, too," I said suggestively. I could feel his cock thickening, getting hot, as I caressed his delicious bulge.

Here was a guy who spent all day opening mail. It was now apparent that he wanted to open me up. And from the size of the erection swelling in his shorts, I knew I was in for a treat.

While Ted and I dabbled beneath the table, Alice had begun making out with Steve, and I couldn't help but notice that Roy was fondling her voluptuous breasts from behind.

The scene was really making me wet, and I felt as if I'd fuck any one of them right there if I could. But the bar was somewhat crowded, so I suggested we walk back to the softball field. By then it was getting dark and everyone from the game had gone home. The five of us—with our horny, willing and sweaty bodies—were the only ones in the park.

We gravitated over to the dugout, and there Alice and I took control of the situation. Not missing a beat, I sat down on the wooden bench before Ted and pulled his shorts down to his ankles. Beneath them he wore only a jockstrap, and I could see his raging hard-on encased in the acrylic material as well as smell his funky masculine aroma.

His cock sprang up and bobbed about before I took him tenderly in my mouth, sucking sweetly on his thick, beefy cock. I slobbered over his meat, savoring the salty taste of his sweat and the musky scent that rose up from his big balls. Just inches away I could see Alice doing the same to Steve, his gorgeous male physique an elegant shadow in the twilight.

Then I felt Roy come up from the side. Quickly I repositioned my body and gave him access to my lower half. As he shimmied my shorts and panties over my hips, I felt his hairy face press gently against my bottom before his soft, hot tongue dipped delicately into my honeypot, which was dripping with desire. I felt shudders of ecstasy ripple through my body as my senses filled with the exquisite joy of sex.

Moments passed, and soon we were switching partners. I had never engaged in such adventurous love, but the reality of sharing myself with more than one person at a time heightened my pleasure and made the moment that much more titillating, that much more electric.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was sandwiched between Steve and Roy. Steve, the man of my dreams, presented his beautiful erection to my mouth while Roy entered me from behind. As we thrust and moaned, the sensations that swirled about in my belly grew greater and I knew that I was nearing orgasm.

Rising up, I licked the delicious sweat from Steve's sexy body, teased his nipples with my tongue and then, fulfilling my lustful cravings, planted my face in his armpit and sucked on his matted, musky hair. Meanwhile, Roy fucked me furiously, jamming his torrid black dick into my hot pussy.

"Oh," I moaned, "fuck me, Roy. Make me come."

I was so overwhelmed with their skillful touch, and just knowing that the cock that felt so satisfying was large and black sent riveting bursts of zeal through my cunt. As I licked the sweat from Steve's body, he continued to stroke his shaft zestfully while I helped out, tickling his large scrotum, massaging his balls and scratching them with my sharp fingernails.

Just a few feet away, I could hear Alice's climactic moans as our office mail boy fucked her wildly, splaying her legs and thrusting with all the youthful exuberance one would expect from a twenty-one-year-old.

"I'm coming!" he yelled, and I could hear Alice slobbering over his engorged man-flesh, sucking the swollen head of his cock and swallowing every drop of his semen.

Just then I sensed Steve's need to release and I quickly smothered his cock with my mouth, accepting his generous stream of come, lapping it up hungrily as Roy continued screwing my pussy. But the energy soon overtook him as well, and while the others looked on happily, Roy thrashed into me from behind, bucking wildly, deeply, spraying his seed inside me while catapulting me to sexual heights never before experienced.

After our little evening tryst, the five of us became very close friends. The softball season came to an end, but our intimate meetings continue up to this very day.

Ms. J.T., Washington

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

Variations wants to hear from you! Send us letters describing your favorite variation. Share with others some of the different and delightful experiences that have made your life richer.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN MANACLED TO DESIRE

People just naturally assume that because I'm a six-foot-tall, 190-pound highway patrol officer, I enjoy being the controlling sex partner. That's not really true. I have lots of stamina, but I quickly lose interest when my partner just lies there, legs apart, expecting me to be the aggressor from foreplay to climax.

Subconsciously, I was looking for a forceful, controlling woman when I stopped Renee that day. I was prompted to pull over the speeding redhead because a few days earlier, we had a major-injury accident on this same stretch of road.

"Lady, I clocked you at sixty in a forty zone," I said sternly.

"You don't understand," she spat out. "I wasn't speeding." She shook

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her head defiantly. "My car won't go that fast up this hill."

Her strong, sensuous voice surprised me and gave me an instant hard-on, which I tried to hide behind my citation book. Normally I would have let her go with a warning, but there was something about her assertiveness and dominating manner that told me she would continue speeding. If I gave her the ticket she would slow down, and in all likelihood take me to traffic court. Which she did.

As I suspected, she was not the kind of woman to play up to the judge using the little-girl routine. She arrived in court attired in a blue-black suit, a black blouse and black spike heels. Her light-red curls were windblown. She charmed the courtroom when she questioned my ability to operate the radar equipment. The judge, however, was not impressed, and she lost the case. I was so aroused by her self-assurance that I had to step behind the lectern to hide my erection.

I was not all that surprised when she invited me to go for a drive to prove her car wouldn't go fast. No doubt about it, the car was underpowered. We had a pleasant evening at a local hangout by the beach and then went to her house.

The focal point of her apartment was a large blue Oriental rug, and the living room was dominated by a stone, phallus-like fireplace that rose from floor to ceiling. Across the room a sturdy oak railing fenced the stairwell, which led to a lower level.

"Can I get you something to drink?" she asked. She touched my elbow lightly, urging me to sit down. "I have a nice white wine I picked up at a local winery the other day." A moment later she was setting two glasses on the coffee table.

"You know," she said as she sat down next to me, "I've never actually seen real handcuffs. Something about them is a real turn-on for me."

In eager anticipation of what lay ahead, I quickly got the cuffs from my car. When I got back to the living room, I took out the handcuff key and put it on the railing in plain view.

"You just push this part of the cuff against a solid object, such as this rail," I explained, "then snap, and it's locked."

"Oh, that was so fast, do it again," she said eagerly. I reached to pick up the unattached part of the cuff. "Like this?" she purred, grabbing my wrist. "Now you're my prisoner."

Standing up in surprise, I knocked the key off the oak railing and it fell to the floor of the lower landing. The shock of discovering that I was restrained caused a sudden rippling sensation in my groin. My cock started to swell. Renee's gaze dropped from my eyes to the bulge in my pants, and she beamed.

"I bet I know what you want," she murmured in a soft, seductive voice. "You'll do my bidding and not resist."

A shiver ran through me as she reached over and rubbed my cock. I stared at her, tongue-tied. I could do little more than nod. "Do as you please," I said.

Renee started playing with the buttons of my shirt while continuing to rub my throbbing love muscle. I was more aroused than I had been in a long time. Off came my shirt. Well, almost. My arm was still attached to the rail.

"Take off your pants," she ordered. She seemed to enjoy seeing me struggle with the zipper. "I'll do it," she said finally.

As she unzipped and pulled my pants down to my ankles, I kicked off my loafers. Now I was in a fix, one arm firmly attached to the railing, legs somewhat bound by the pants at my ankles, and my hard cock standing at attention, throbbing in

readiness. While I was naked, Renee, controlling the situation, was fully clothed. "Your feet," she said.

I lifted each foot in silent compliance as she deftly pulled off my pants and then my socks. I was ready to submit to her authority.

"I like the way you look," she said. "The way your broad shoulders taper down to your hips and your taut white butt, while your stance shows off the force of your thighs. You really turn me on."

Sitting on the stairs while I remained standing, attached to the rail, she began to play with my nipples. My foot jerked. "You musn't move till I tell you to," she said with a devilish look in her eyes.

Now Renee started taking her clothes off. As my gaze dropped from her eyes to her shoulders, to her breasts, then to her pussy, I tried reaching for her, but she kept just an arm's length away. If I could slide my hands across her silky belly, hold her by the hips and stick it to her, she would be under *my* control. An intense erotic feeling flared through me. I was so eager to get my dick inside her and start fucking, but I could do nothing but wait until she was ready.

"I surrender," I moaned. "Get the key. Let's go to bed."

"Not yet," Renee replied. As she nibbled on the back of my knee, a shiver of delight rippled through me. "Lie down on the floor," she said.

I was so hot, I'd have done anything she said. As I stretched out on the deep-pile Oriental rug, I placed my free hand under my head for comfort and support.

Gently licking, kissing and sucking me, she rocked her way back and forth up my leg. By tucking my chin into my chest, I could see the top of her head as she reached the innermost top of my thigh and blew hot breath on my balls. This made me

squirm with pleasure.

Renee continued upward, her red hair lightly brushing over the head of my cock. She stopped and I held my breath in anticipation. "Oh, suck my cock," I moaned. The urge to ram my cock inside her was almost too much to bear.

"What's the matter?" she asked innocently.

"I want to get inside your pussy."

"Ah, you want the toy box. Not yet. You'll just have to wait, Mr. Policeman."

I spread my legs as Renee's arms stretched out and upward through the hair on my chest, stopping at my nipples. Her strong fingers squeezed each nipple, heightening my pleasure. My leg muscles flexed and my toes twitched as she continued to

tease me. Nuzzling my pubic hair with her mouth, and tugging on a few strands, she paused and looked at my swollen member.

"I really like the looks of your cock," she said. She stroked the engorged head with a long scarlet fingernail. I thrust my hips upward, and then, finally, she took the whole thing in her mouth.

Bracing herself with her hands, she assumed masterful control as her head began bobbing. Her slow, even rhythm began to quicken as she got caught up in my enthusiasm. When she sensed I was about to come in her mouth, she reached down and held my cock at the base, prohibiting ejaculation. My pulse quickened at the thought of filling her mouth with come. My endurance was waning.

Over and over her warm, sucking mouth massaged my hot rod. "I can't stand it any longer," I groaned. I reached out, clutching her head. "Oh, baby, baby," I gasped as my sperm shot into her mouth. She didn't pull back. She gulped down my seed, staying with me, taking it all.

The next day, when I checked in at the end of my patrol duty, one of my fellow officers called to me. "Randy, someone left a package for you while you were out."

I opened the box. There on a bed of white cotton fluff lay an unusual key chain—a sterling-silver pair of miniature handcuffs.

Mr. R.R.,
California

GOING PUBLIC WITH PASSION

My wife loves showing off her hot body in public. Knowing how her cock-teasing makes us both hot and ready for a long night of fucking, I had the idea of spending a weekend in a small but popular resort town. I knew it would be a perfect setting for Belinda's exhibitionism.

During the drive there, I pulled a large envelope out from under the car seat and gave it to my wife. In it she found a copy of *Variations*, a yellow string bikini and a small red top. The interstate was not very busy, so I pulled to the side. Belinda had already started changing before the car even stopped. When I removed the sun roof, my wife flashed me the sexiest smile ever.

Belinda was reading a letter about exhibitionism out loud when I noticed she was squirming in her seat and tugging on her nipples through her thin top. When we rolled into town, the inside of the car was steaming, and so was the interstate, as Belinda had flashed her pussy to a few select truck drivers. By the time we settled into our motel room, Be-

linda's cock-teasing had my hard cock ready to explode. We never left our room that evening.

The next day was shopping day. My wife spent the morning anxiously preparing for her starring role. She emerged from the bedroom looking so fuckable I almost backed out of our little game, but she came over and started rubbing my cock through my jeans and whispered, "I'm a dirty little slut, aren't I?"

She turned and walked to the balcony, her bright-red lycra skirt barely covering her firm ass. The two small triangles of her bikini top did nothing to hide her large tits. Lace anklets and high heels rounded out her look. She was exposed and loving it! My wife had become a cock-crazy slut.

From the moment Belinda stepped out of the car, the whole town seemed to stop and stare. All the attention had her cunt dripping, and I was sporting a huge erection. In every small shop, men stared right through her clothes. We could hear them describing the dirty things they wanted her to do. Within three hours she had teased every man in sight.

Back in our room, she sucked my cock with sluttish delight. Her pussy was soaked, so my cock slid in easily. Belinda screamed, "Fuck me, darling. Fuck your slutty wife!" I rolled onto my back and my wife straddled my cock, facing away from me. She guided my fat cock into her sodden pussy while still talking dirty. "Pull on my nipples," she commanded. "I'm gonna come all over your fat cock."

As she slammed her cunt down on my cock, I twisted her nipples. I told her I was going to come all over her pretty face. When I was ready, I rolled her onto her back and stuck my cock down her throat. I exploded, pulling my cock from her mouth and spraying hot, thick come all over her face. Grabbing my cock at the base, she rubbed the head into the globs of

come on her cheek, stringing semen across her lips. She looked so fantastic!

Our evening ended later at a nearby cocktail lounge. Once again Belinda was dressed to please, her hard nipples visible through the tight, short dress she had on. She wanted to go to the lounge alone for a while, and I agreed. When I arrived she was surrounded by men. As I walked by, she glanced over at me just long enough to lick her moist lips. Looking down, I noticed Belinda was rubbing a cock with each hand. I sat down at a small table with a perfect view of my wife. I relaxed and enjoyed the show. I couldn't wait to meet the star back in her dressing room!

Mr. B.W.,
Mississippi

AND BABY MAKES THREE

I am a twenty-seven-year-old man who is into infantilism. At first I thought I was a little off, you know, two slices short of a loaf, but I read up on the subject and learned that I am not alone when it comes to appreciating the eroticism of diapers and rubber pants.

Next door to me live two young women who often come over for coffee. We share many interests but, until recently, our relationship was platonic. I had no idea they suspected I wore diapers and was certainly not about to tell them my secret, even though they were always eager to tell me the juicy details of their latest erotic escapades.

Anyway, on this particular day I was lounging around the house in my diapers when the doorbell rang. I threw on a robe and answered the door. There stood Gayle and Selma from next door. I invited them in, and as we walked into the living room, one of them lifted my robe from the back to reveal my diapered bottom. Was I ever embarrassed!

Happily, however, the girls were as understanding as they were amused and everything worked out well. I guess I should have known that it would take a lot to shock two such sexually experienced young women. They took me into the bedroom for an hour or so, taking turns changing me and talking baby talk. This turned us all on, and we would up sucking and fucking like crazy.

Since then Gayle and Selma have visited me often. They call me a "living doll" and have bought me all sorts of baby paraphenalia, including baby bottles, pacifiers and rubber toys. They have even made me some adult-sized baby clothes and take great pride in dressing me when they visit. We always wind up screwing ourselves silly.

I can't tell you how happy I am to have found not one woman, but two who not only understand my fetish but who also take great pleasure in it themselves.

Mr. B.M.,
Oregon

MAN THRILLS TO GIRLFRIEND'S ROUGH COCK-AND-BALL WORKOUTS

I am a subscriber to *Variations*. Over the past months I've read the various letters you publish from your readers, and I've decided to make my own attempt at contributing.

Tammie absolutely loves to play with my cock, and that makes me a very fortunate man. She is an extremely beautiful woman with magnificent tits and an incredibly deli-

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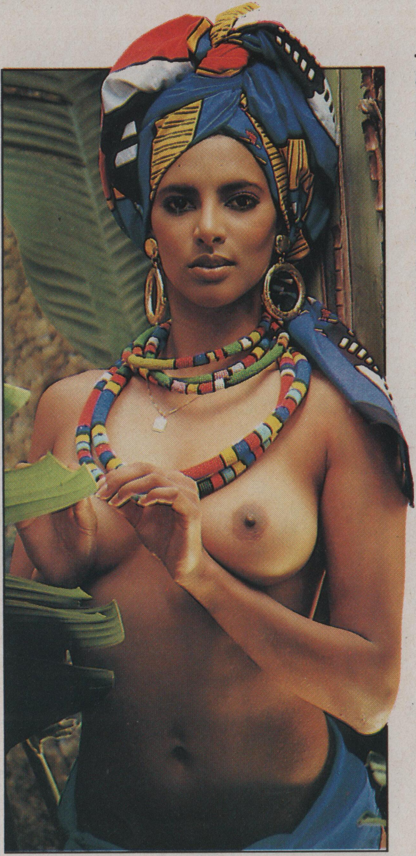

cious pussy, and believe me when I say that sexually I would be totally satisfied if my only pleasure was enjoying her luscious body. She's extra-special, though, in that, even when she isn't thinking of her own needs, she genuinely enjoys seeing me writhe and squirm in ecstasy as she manipulates my cock with her hands and mouth.

According to Tammie (and I wholeheartedly agree), self-satisfaction is only half the joy of sex; the other half is the joy you receive from seeing and feeling the pleasure you give your lover. As a consequence, my sex life with Tammie consists of three magnificent parts: when we sexually satisfy each other, when I sexually satisfy her, and when she sexually satisfies me. As I said, I'm a very fortunate and happy man.

Our current situation began several months ago on an otherwise very normal evening. We were sitting on the couch watching a movie on TV when suddenly Tammie's hand slowly crept into my lap and began massaging my cock. She said she wanted to play with "friend," and asked me if I would please remove my clothes and lie down. I didn't need to be convinced, so I promptly stripped and lay down as her fingers began to caress my throbbing dick. As my cock got harder and harder, she poured baby oil over its entire length and stroked it up and down and around and around.

I was ecstatic and scarcely noticed that she was twisting me harder and harder, and that she was bending the shaft of my cock every time she twisted it. A few minutes later she was twisting, pulling, bending and jerking my swollen cock with a passion she'd never displayed before. The shaft of my rigid cock crackled with every full-around twist, and every time she paused to catch her breath it throbbed and pulsed with excitement.

No matter how much I wanted her to stop and talk to me, no matter how much I wanted to ask why she was being so rough, I simply could not bring myself to speak. It felt simply fabulous! I'd never thought it possible for my cock to take so much abuse without me crying out in pain! One final torturous twist, my cockshaft crackled again, and then my whole body burst into orgasm. A huge blast of come shot several feet into the air and splashed on my face and chest. Only then did Tammie stop.

I opened my eyes and started to ask what had happened. Before I could get a word out, though, Tammie began to fondle my cock tenderly, slowly milking the final drops

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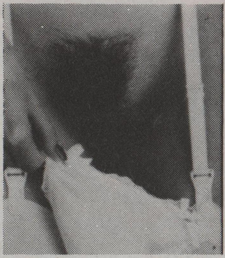

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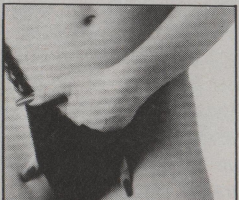

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of semen out of my balls. She had a strange and satisfied smile on her face, and she seemed so very proud of what she had achieved.

Afterward, we talked about what had happened. Tammie admitted that she was as surprised as I was at how hard she had been able to twist and bend my cock. She explained that at first she wanted only to stroke and massage it, and that it was me who made the first moves to make things rougher. As I was rolling my hips in rhythm to the caressing of my cock, she had to hold on harder so that it wouldn't slip from her fingers. The sheer pleasure I felt from my cock being stroked ever harder kept increasing, and so did the effort she put into stroking it. Before long she was twisting it with a vengeance, and I was enjoying it without ever feeling the slightest pain. Thanks to the intense sexual excitement, the boundary between pain and pleasure became totally obscured, and I had the greatest orgasm of my life. We both agreed to explore this fascinating phenomenon further.

Tammie and I have experimented quite a bit over the last few months, and we've discovered that the pleasure/pain boundary is very easily manipulated. Tammie's sessions with "friend" have actually turned into exercise sessions for her! Sometimes, after an evening during which she's been particularly rough, she says that her arms are sore the next morning! Of course, so is my cock, but in a very wonderful way.

Lately we've expanded our sessions to include my balls. She pulls them out from my body and squeezes them carefully but with some force. As she twists and bends my cock harder and harder, she works my balls too, and I always end up coming. God! How I enjoy Tammie's exercise sessions!

After six months, Tammie's arms are getting stronger, and I suppose my cock and balls are, too. Tammie really enjoys her workouts, and I'm enjoying orgasms I never thought possible. We encourage others to try our new approach to "cock aerobics," and several of our friends have taken up the "exercise program" with pleasurable results.

We offer the following words of caution. Use lots of lubricant and proceed slowly, to avoid any chance of pain. It takes Tammie well over ten minutes before she's twisting with all her might, and then we both enjoy a twenty-minute sexual workout. All in all, "cock aerobics" makes for a fabulous half-hour!

Mr. C.P.,
Connecticut

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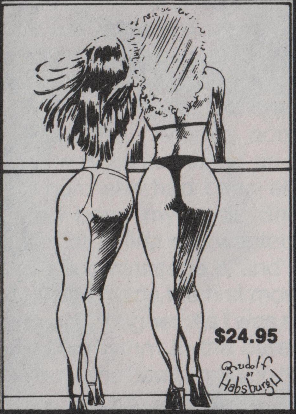

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SPECIAL "PERIOD SEX" SECRETS

I have been reading your magazine with great pleasure for several years now. I especially enjoy the articles and letters concerning anal sex, exhibitionism, voyeurism and urolagnia, all things that fill my sexual daydreams. But there is one other thing that I have great interest in, another thing that keeps coming to mind cock-in-hand about, and a thing I cannot recall ever reading about in your fine publication. And that is menstrual sex, especially oral sex. I have always had a strong desire to lick a lady during her period. I recently had an experience that I would like to share with your readers. Maybe there are others out there with similar desires who would enjoy hearing this.

I work for a maintenance firm and one day I was working in the shop. There was no one else around except Loretta, the receptionist/dispatcher. Things were slow and she came into the shop area to pass some time before we closed for the day. Loretta is in her late thirties, no Miss America but quite attractive with a nice face and a firm body. Anyway, she was standing around talking as I organized my tool box. I glanced up at her and noticed a growing red stain on the crotch of her white pants. I didn't quite know what to do. I was both embarrassed for her and very turned on.

I guess she must have noticed my stare because she looked down and saw the stain. "Oh, no," she exclaimed, and ran to the restroom. A few minutes later she stuck her head out and asked me if there was something she could put on. We had nothing around the shop so I offered her my shirt. She is quite small and the shirt had long tails, so I figured it would cover her sufficiently. She ac-

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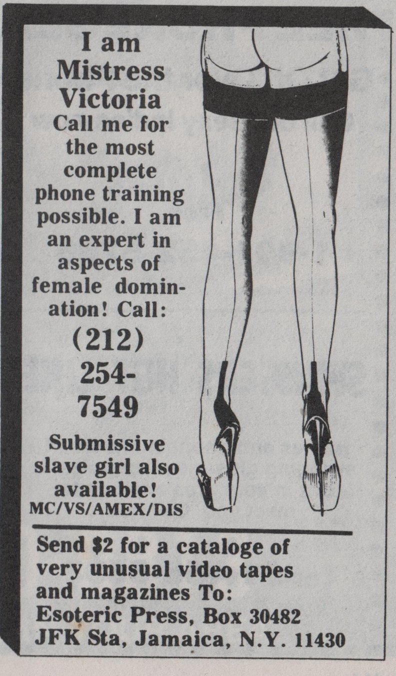
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cepted my shirt and a few moments later emerged from the restroom wearing it. She said she had to go get her purse.

As soon as the door closed behind her, I darted into the bathroom. I found her soiled pants lying on the sink. My already erect cock throbbed as I picked up her pants to examine the bloody stain on the crotch. It felt like my cock grew another inch when I saw her panties wadded up in the pocket. I pulled them from the pocket and grew even more aroused when I touched the crotch, which was saturated with her menstrual flow. I was about to take a good whiff of it when Loretta surprised me by entering the restroom.

"What are you doing?" she demanded. I stammered a moment then told her that I was going to rinse the blood out before it stained permanently. She seemed irritated and asked me to leave so she could take care of it herself. I couldn't help but stare at her as I left.

She looked really good with my shirt covering only a couple of inches of the tops of her thighs. And knowing that she had no panties on and that she having her period was almost more than I could stand. Her voice softened as she asked why I was staring at her. I answered, "Because you look very sexy."

"Oh yeah," she said sarcastically. Then she almost started crying as she said, "I'm so embarrassed. That's never happened to me before." I told her that she shouldn't be embarrassed, that it was a perfectly natural thing, and that I had quite honestly found it very arousing. This seemed to calm her down, and we soon found ourselves sitting at a table and talking about sex.

Loretta told me that she wished more guys felt like I do. She confided in me that actually this was the time she most wanted to have sex.

Emboldened by her admissions, I asked Loretta if I could look at her. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," I said, shaking with excitement, "can I see you. . .down there?" My eyes focused on the area below her waist. "Oh, I don't know," she stammered. "I really do want to look," I said quickly, "and touch you there. . .and maybe taste you."

Her face lit up and she asked unbelievingly, "Do you mean you would taste me there, now?" I answered that there was nothing I would rather do, right there, right then, right away.

She hesitated a long moment and then, acting like a virgin bride, she slowly moved to one of the benches and sat on it, carefully keeping her legs together and the shirt tail pulled down in front. I kneeled in front of her and pulled the shirt up until her triangle of blonde hair was visible.

I looked up at her face and I knew I was glowing with excitement. I put my hands on my hips, told her to relax and coaxed her out until she was sitting on the very edge of the bench.

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I moved my hands to her knees and gently pressed them apart. Her initial resistance soon faded and I found myself staring at her beautiful, open pussy. I bent to kiss each knee. As my kisses moved up the inside of her thighs, I could detect her sex smell.

I looked up at her face again and saw that her eyes were closed tightly. "You okay?" I asked. She said nothing, just nodded emphatically.

I resumed my kissing and tonguing. When I felt her pubic hairs tickling my nose, I nipped at them and pulled them slightly. Loretta responded to this with a soft moan.

Encouraged, I began to lick the area on each side of her pussy where the legs meet the torso. Then I kissed her full on the lower lip and licked her clitoris. She moaned again and closed her thighs around my face.

I began flicking the tip of my tongue rapidly across her clit and within moments she was coming, moaning and groaning and pressing her crotch against my face.

When her orgasm subsided I looked up. She looked down at me through half-opened eyes and said, "That was wonderful. I've never before climaxed like that." She babbled on until I finally quieted her by telling her the best was yet to come.

Again she wondered aloud what I meant. I told her that during a woman's period, the inside of her vagina is extremely sensitive. As I said this not knowing it was true or not, I started rubbing along the inside of her. "You're going to put your tongue in me, without a tampon in there," she said in disbelief. I just nodded, concentrating on the pleasant task ahead. I quickly dipped my tongue into her as far as I could and then swirled it around inside her. Loretta moaned more loudly than ever. I attempted to gain more penetration until my lips were inside her swollen labia. I continued eating her, relish-

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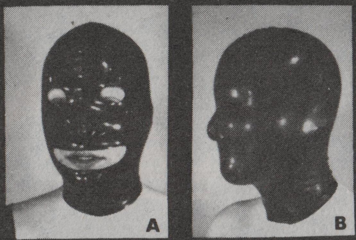

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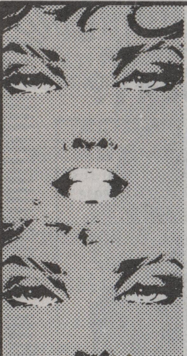

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ing the taste and smell of her musky cunt.

It took only a few moments for her to come again. I slowed the motions of my tongue gradually and then sat back and looked up at her face. She returned my gaze and then whispered, "Would you do that one more time, please?" I readily agreed but told her this time I was going to lay down so she could sit on my face. She knitted her brow as if unsure she should do that, but then she got down from the bench and come over to where I lay.

Loretta got down with a knee on each side of my chest and then squatted back until her crotch was plastered against my face. I could feel her flow being smeared on my face as I ate her again. Once again, it didn't take long before she climaxed and I felt her orgasmic spasms.

It felt like she came steadily for several minutes until she finally collapsed on top of me. When she did, she sort of fell forward, which placed my super-hard cock approximately between her heaving tits.

"Mmmm," she said, "it feels like it's about time that I did something for you." I made no objections as she undid my pants and released my erection. The next thing I knew, her pussy was in my face again and she was hungrily sucking my cock.

I licked her musky folds again but this time as Loretta started moaning and I felt her muscles clamping rhythmically, my climax began, too. My cock pulsed and jerked as I shot what felt like my largest load of come ever into Loretta's warm mouth. I heard her gag but her lips remained closed around my shaft until I was milked dry.

She finally rolled off me onto the floor. We lay silently for a few moments before she spoke.

"This sure has been a day of firsts

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for me," she said. I asked her to elaborate. "Well, this was the first time I've ever been eaten during my period. It was the first time I've ever come more than once in a day. And, it was the first time I ever let a man shoot in my mouth, or ever tasted a man's come."

It may have been a day of firsts, but it certainly wasn't a day of lasts. Now, at intervals of about a month, Loretta and I get together for what I call our little rendezvous. It's specal sex to us and we want to keep it that way.

Mr. (Name and address withheld)

FROM MACHO PIG TO ADORING SEX PET

This is the true story of my tranformation from "macho pig" to "come-licking sex pet." When my wife and I were first dating, she would do anything for me to prove her love, and I took advantage of it. She would suck my cock for hours while I watched porno flicks on TV. I'd come all over Judy's pretty face or hold her head tightly and shoot my load down her throat as she gagged on my throbbing cock. It must have been very humiliating for her, but she never complained.

Judy also dressed like a whore for me, in low-cut dresses and lingerie I'd buy her as well as spike-heeled shoes and boots, miniskirts and tight corsets. I would show her off to my friends to the point of making her lift her skirt so they could see her panties. I'd even let them feel her tits.

After we got married, Judy began dressing more conservatively and got a very good job, making a lot more money than me. I started doing much of the housework at her request, in exchange for an occasional blowjob. She would tease me by flashing her tits or pussy or fondling my crotch.

One night she caught me jerking

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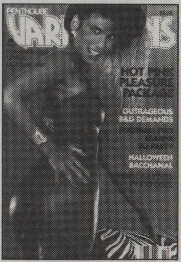

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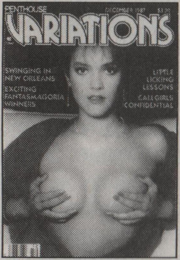

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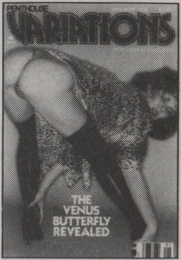

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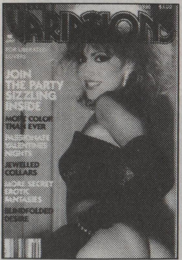

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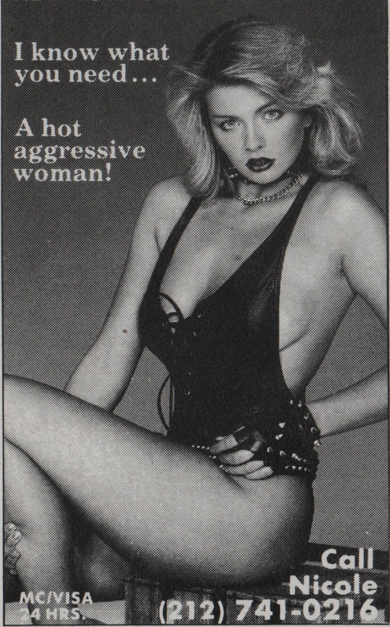

off into her panties while reading your magazine and she became furious. She slapped my hard cock and made me show her what was "such a turn-on." She started reading some letters and became aroused herself.

Judy got on the bed, lifted her skirt and ordered me to lick her. I ate her through her panties and then took them off. She spread her silky thighs and I ate her with lust as she moaned her approval.

"Here's a hot one," she said and began reading a letter about a woman who forced her "slave husband" to wear her panties and lick his come from her tits and pussy after jerking off. "That sounds like fun, eh, slave," she taunted while rubbing my hard cock with her stocking feet. At that, I came all over her feet, coating them with hot cream.

"You better clean that up right now or else," Judy ordered. I reached for a tissue on the nightstand. "No," she yelled, grabbing my shirt, "lick it off and don't miss a drop, you bitch!" I hesitated a second, then slowly bent down and stuck my tongue out. I licked her clean.

Slowly my wife got more dominating, and kinkier. She would make me wear her panties and a frilly apron as I cleaned the house before our sex sessions. She would slap my ass if I was too slow or missed a spot, and she would stop me once in a while to pinch my nipples or squeeze my balls. She would jerk my cock to the point of orgasm and then stop. Of course, I had to wait on her hand and foot also.

By bedtime I would be begging for release and promising to do anything for her. Of course, Judy's demands got wilder with time. She would make me suck her toes and lick my way to her beautiful pussy and ass. I would eat her for hours, and she would masturbate me with her feet and humiliate me verbally.

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One night I came home from work and she was waiting for me. "Strip, slave," she ordered. I ripped my clothes off and dropped to my knees. "Tonight, slave, we're going to have some real fun," she said, nudging my hard cock and balls with her high-heeled boots. "Kiss my boots, then get into the bedroom and put on what I've laid out for you. Then get your ass back here."

I said, "Thank you, mistress," gave her boots a big wet kiss and ran to the bedroom. There I found fishnet panties and a black leather dog collar with studs. My cock throbbed as I wriggled into the too-tight panties, trying to find room for my raging erection and aching balls. I put on the dog collar and looked at myself in the mirror. It took all my willpower to keep from shooting right then and there. I trotted back to the den to meet my sexy wife/mistress and was surprised to see her in tight jeans.

"You look very sexy," Mistress said in a low whisper. She swaggered over and looked me up and down, put a hand behind my head and kissed me roughly, sticking her tongue down my throat as she squeezed my ass. "You're such a sexy slut, I can't wait to fuck you," she said, then kissed my neck and earlobes. She felt my tits, then took my hand and placed it on her crotch.

I was shocked to feel a big bulge there. "Pull down my zipper, baby," Judy whispered. I did and pulled out an eight-inch rubber cock with veins and a big mushroom head. She looked into my eyes and said, "You know what to do, sweetie. Suck my hard cock." She pulled me over to the couch and pushed me down onto my knees between her thighs. I kissed and licked her "cock" the way I like mine done, then took the head in my mouth. Mistress Judy pinched my nipples and forced more of the

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dildo into my mouth. "Take all of it, slut," she ordered. I did my best, swallowing at least six inches of the big dick.

I looked up into her face and, with a tear in my eye, swallowed all of the dildo to the base. Mistress patted me on the head and backed the prick out of my throat. "That's a good little whore. We will have to practice your cocksucking if you want to please your mistress."

We used that big rubber dildo a lot after that night. Mistress would dress me in sexy, slutty clothes and make me deep-throat the strap-on dildo; then I would roll over and she would fuck my tender ass until she came.

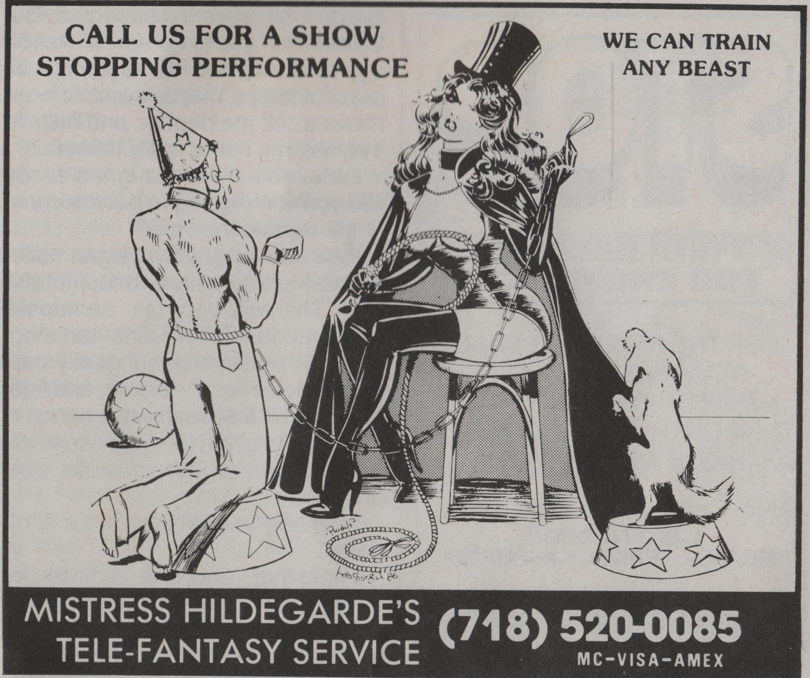
Today I'm a devoted sex pet, always eager to do my wife's bidding. When I think back to the early days of our relationship, when I got off by humiliating her, I can only shake my head. It's hard to believe I was such a domineering sexist. And I was happy, or so I thought. I know now what true happiness is all about. It's being a love slave to a dominating woman.

Mr. C.Q.,
Maine

I SEE SEX IN YOUR FUTURE

I'm a freelance illustrator, twenty-seven years old, living in New York City. I had just sold a big airbrush piece to a prestigious magazine, so I had some money burning a hole in my pocket and an urge to spend it recklessly. I was in Greenwich Village browsing in weird clothing stores when I spotted one of those ubiquitous neon signs depicting an eye, a hand and the words, "Psychic-Astrologer-Reader."

These establishments are all over downtown, seemingly as plentiful as delicatessens. I had never thought seriously about visiting a fortune



teller, but it was twilight on an October evening, Halloween rapidly approaching, and I was in a silly mood, so I went in.

The reception area was a small room with a desk and a few chairs for waiting. The only other person in the room was an attractive young woman sitting behind the desk, reading a novel. She looked up and smiled. When I said I was interested in having my fortune told, she explained the various options I had. I elected to pay twenty dollars for basic astrological advice and a tarot card reading. She took my money and instructed me to go into the next room.

Many of the clichés were there. The doorway was curtained with beads which I had to push aside to enter. The inner sanctum, so to speak, was lit with a sconce of candles, and the walls were papered with astrological symbols. The smell of incense burning permeated the room. At the center of the room was a round table with chairs on all sides. The only thing missing, I was disappointed to realize, was a crystal ball.

As for my fortune teller, I fully expected to see some shriveled old woman who looked like Maria Ouspenskaya, the actress who played the gypsy in *The Wolf Man*. So imagine my shock when in walked the girl who had been at the reception desk. She was now dressed in the standard gypsy garb: peasant blouse and skirt, a red scarf wrapped around her head, and hoop earrings and bracelets.

"Have a seat," she said. "My name is India."

I smirked, having trouble swallowing the whole scene. She sensed my cynicism.

"Hey, I realize this looks like something out of a sitcom to you, but I'm completely serious about this. I dress

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the part because it's expected. But believe me, this is no rip-off. Astrology and tarot are as legitimate as psychotherapy, maybe even more so. I have a college degree, and believe it or not, my name really is India."

I relaxed a bit and laughed easily. "So you're not going to put the curse of the werewolf on me?"

Now she laughed. I began noticing how extraordinarily beautiful she was. She was very tall, perhaps a shade under six feet. She had long, luxuriant brown hair that gently cascaded down her shoulders, and light brown eyes that seemed to dance in the candlelight. Her eyes were set far apart, giving her an exotic, Eurasian look.

She began. "What is your birth date?"

I told her, and she dutifully informed me I was a Libra, which of course I knew. She then told me she was a Gemini. "Do you know what sign is best suited to you, sexually speaking?"

I told her I had no idea.

"Gemini," she said, emphasizing each syllable. My sexual radar went crazy at this, and all at once I sensed that this reading could turn into something very fortuitous indeed.

She proceeded to give me some general characteristics associated with Libras, some of which applied to me and some of which didn't. All the while I was interpreting her hand movements and vocal inflections, desperately trying to gauge whether or not I was being come on to.

Finally she broke out her deck of tarot cards. "There are seventy-eight cards to a deck," she told me. "There are many different spreads I could use, depending on your question." She paused to look at me hard. "Just what exactly is your question?"

I decided to pick up the ball and run with it. "Well, how about 'What will happen in my sex life?'"

India pursed her lips and raised her eyebrows. "Okay," she said slowly, "that's sort of a general question. I think we'll use the Magic Seven spread."

It was all Greek to me, so I nodded my assent. She then went about the business of shuffling and cutting the cards, then laid seven in front of her in the configuration of a six-pointed star, with one card in the center of the star.

The cards spread out on the table meant nothing to me, but it made India look startled. "As you can see," she began, "there are many cup cards. Those are the cards associated with love, sex and marriage, which was your question.

"The first card represents the matter that initiated the question. Here we have the Six of Cups, which indicates hunches, attaining something, the allurement of vice, and," she said, looking me straight in the eye, "personal magnetism. We can assume that perhaps you are thinking about a specific person, someone you are very attracted to."

"Yes, very," I said.

She went on explaining what each card meant, and how each card seemed to be sexually highly charged. I wasn't really paying attention to what she was saying; I was more interested in how she was saying it. I watched the graceful movements of her hands with their long fingers and long nails, polished blood-red. Her mouth was a very sensuously curved line, and as she spoke, she frequently licked her lips. My dick was swelling rapidly.

"This card," she said, her voice almost a whisper, "represents the environment surrounding you that may help you attain your goal. Here we have the King of Coins, which indicates that someone of Gemini disposition could help you a great deal." At that she slowly scratched her

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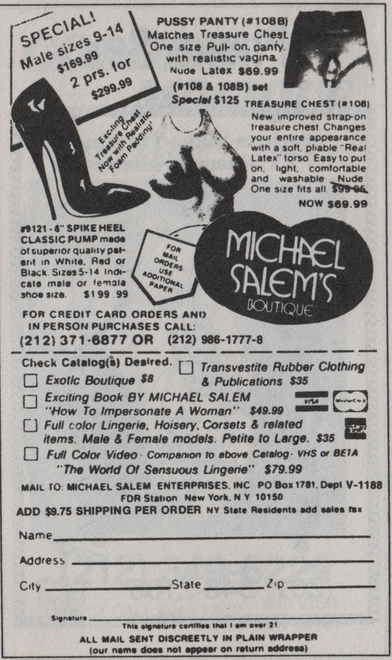

breast with her long fingernails.

"The card in the middle," India continued, summing up, "is the answer to your question."

"And what might that be," I asked, feeling her booted leg rub against mine.

"It is the Two of Cups."

"Which means?"

She sighed. "An impulsive love affair."

We just sat still for a moment, staring at each other. Finally I stood, exposing the incredible lump in my pants. Her lips formed an O, her hands began running up and down her breasts. I stepped around the table and grabbed her by the arm, pulling her to a standing position, after which I landed a big kiss right on her lips. She slipped me a little tongue and wrapped her arms around me, hugging me as if she were a boa constrictor.

I was getting dizzy with lust and fell to the Persian-carpeted floor, taking her with me. Her hand snaked down to my crotch and undid the buttons on my jeans. My cock was now in open air, and she grabbed it and began pumping vigorously.

I, meanwhile, had loosened her blouse and found that she was braless. Her very round tits were soon in my grasp and, after a little shifting of bodies, in my mouth.

Soon we were both half undressed, feasting on each other's genitals. My face was smack in the middle of her musky, sopping-wet pussy, and her pubic hair was drenched. My tongue did a fandango on her clit, which had her bucking like a Brahman bull. Her tongue was doing its own terpsichorean action on my cock. She licked and sucked and lapped and lathered my pole while her hands were busy massaging my balls and penetrating my asshole.

She extricated herself from this

sixty-nine and lay down on the floor, her blouse half off, her skirt bunched around her waist, her panties ripped to shreds. "Shove it in me, I want to feel that hot cock all the way inside my cunt."

Her words had the effect of a starter's pistol on my brain. I was on her and in her in a flash, my cock sinking into her quicksandlike cunt. I groaned with satisfaction while she wrapped her high-heeled boots around my back.

We fucked like this for a long time. Every time I came close to coming, I slowed down and held my cock still inside her. She was coming left and right. Her scarf had come off her head and her hair was wildly strewn about her, splashing across her face.

I couldn't hold on any longer. "I'm going to come, India. I'm going to come like a fucking volcano!"

Her eyes flew open with desire. "My face!" she shouted. "I want you to come on my face. Shoot your cream on my face!"

That sounded ideal to me. I pulled out of her pussy and straddled her tits. She grabbed my cock and began pumping it. It wasn't more than fifteen seconds later when my semen launched out of my cock and rained down on her face. Her mouth was wide open, her tongue sticking out, catching the drops of my manhood. By the time I was through, her face was drenched with the stuff. I had never seen anything so erotic.

Calming down some, we both began to laugh. She said, "See, those tarot cards are more than mumbo jumbo."

I couldn't help but agree. She offered to do both our horoscopes and see how well they aspected each other. I go back for the results next week. I'm sure we're ideally suited, astrologically speaking.

Mr. K.C.,
New York

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